THE

CAPTIVITY AND DELIVERANCE

OF

MR. *JOHN WILLIAMS*,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN DEERFIELD,

AND

MRS. *MARY ROWLANDSON*,

OF LANCASTER,

WHO WERE TAKEN, TOGETHER WITH THEIR FAMILIES AND NEIGHBORS, BY THE FRENCH AND INDIANS, AND CARRIED INTO CANADA.

WRITTEN BY THEMSELVES.

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PREFACE.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

THE history of Mrs. Rowlandson's captivity and release may be considered as highly valuable, in many points of view. It is, in itself, an interesting history, and is well calculated to engage the attention of children and youth. And to give them a just view of the ferocity and general habits of the aboriginals, as well as of the many sufferings endured by our ancestors, when settling the ground which we now accupy. And it cannot but lead all serious persons, who peruse it, to reflect on the wonderful goodness of God, to us, who come after them.

One of the present generation, who was bern in the county of Worcester, can scarcely believe that all its inhabitants were so lately in fear of their lives, from the native savages. But Mrs. Rowlandson's history will teach them that this was indeed the fact.

It is particularly recommended to every family in those towns through which Mrs. Rowlandson passed; and it is hoped that it may lead them to give praise to him, who has now given us such quietness in our dwellings, and freed us from the calamities which our fathers endured, for the good of their posterity.

Mr. Williams' account is of equal importance, and calls for the same grateful feelings to God. The effects of his captivity will appear more worthy of observation, if we consider that some of his posterity who mingled with the Indians, in Canada, are now preaching the gospel to the savages, to whom they are allied by blood. Though the ways of Providence then appeared dark, yet, to us they unfold the divine wisdom and goodness. May every reader be enabled to sing, "Just and true are thy ways, O thou king of saints."

DEDICATION.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

JOSEPH DUDLEY, Esq.

Captain General and Governor in cheif, in and over her Majesties province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, &c.

SIR,

IT was a satyrical answer, and deeply reproachful to mankind, which the *philosopher* gave to that question, *what soonest grows old?* replyed, *thanks.* The reproach of it would not be so sensible were there not sensible demonstrations of the truth of it, in those that wear the character of the ingenuous. Such as are surprized at, and seem to have no common relish of divine goodness; and too soon lose the impression: *They sang his praise, but soon forgat his works.* That it would be thus with respect to our *Benefactors* on earth, is contrary to the ingenuity of human nature: But that our greatful resentments of the signal favors of Heaven, should soon be worn off by time, is to the last degree criminal and unpardonable.

It would be unaccountable stupidity in me, not to maintain the most lively and awful sense of divine rebukes, which the Holy God has seen meet in spotless sovereignty to dispense to me, my family and people, in delivering us into the hands of those that hated us; who led us into a strange land; *my Soul has these still in remembrance, and is humbled in me:* However God has given us plentiful occasion to sing of Mercy as well as Judgment. The wonders of divine mercy, which we have seen in the land of our captivity, and deliverance therefrom, cannot be forgotten without incurring the guilt of the blackest ingratitude.

To preserve the memory of these, it has been thought advisable to publish a short account of some of those signal appearances of divine power and goodness for us; hoping it may serve to excite the *praise, faith* and *hope* of all that love God; and may peculiarly serve to cherish a *grateful spirit*, and to render the impressions of God's mighty works indelible on my heart, and on *those* that were with me, have seen the wonders of the Lord and tasted of his salvation: That we may not be under that heavy charge made against Isreal of old, Psalm. 78. 11, 42. *They forgot his works and the wonders he shewed them: They remembered not his hand, nor the day that he delivered them from the enemy.*

And I cannot sir, but think it most agreeable to my duty to God, our Supreme redeemer, to mention your Excellency's name with honor; since Heaven has honored you as the prime instrument in returning our captivity. Sure I am, the laws of justice and gratitude (which are the laws of God) do challenge from us, the most public acknowledgments of your uncommon sympathy with us, your children, in our bonds, expressed in all endearing methods of parental care and tenderness. All your people are cherished under your wings, happy in your government; and are obliged to bless God for you: And among your people,

those that are immediately exposed to the outrages of the enemy, have peculiarly felt refreshments from the benign influences of your wise and tender conduct; and are under the most sensible engagements to acknowledge your Excellency, under God, as the breath of their nostrils.

Your uncommon sagacity and prudence, in contriving to loose the bonds of your captivated children; your unwearied vigor, and application, in pursuing them, to work our deliverance, can never be enough praised. It is most notorious that nothing was thought too difficult by you to effect this design; in that you readily sent your own son, Mr. WILLIAM DUDLEY, to undergo the hazards and hardships of a tedious voyage, that this affair might be transacted with success; which must not be forgotten, as an expression of your great solicitude and zeal to recover us from the tyranny and oppression of our captivity.

I doubt not but that the God, whom herein you have served, will remember, and gloriously reward you; and may Heaven long preserve you at your healm, a blessing so necessary for the tranquility of this province, in this dark and tempestuous season; may the best of blessings from the Father of lights, beshowered down upon your person, family and Government; which shall be the prayer of,

Your Excellency's

Most humble, obedient,

and dutiful servant,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

CAPTIVITY AND DELIVERANCE

OF

JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE history I am going to write, proves, that days of *fasting* and *prayer* without reformation, will not avail, to turn away the anger of God from a professing people; and yet, witnesseth, how very advantageous, gracious supplications are, to prepare particular christians, patiently to suffer the will of God, in very trying public calamities. For some of us moved with fear, set apart a day of *prayer*, to ask of God, either to spare, and save us from the hands of our enemies, or to prepare us to sanctify and honor him, in what way soever he should come forth towards us. The places of scripture from whence we were entertained, were *Gen.* 32. 10, 11. *I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servants:— Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my Brother, from the hand of Esau: For I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the Mother*

with the children. (In the forenoom.) And *Gen.* 32. 26. *And he said, let me go, for the day breaketh : And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.* (In the afternoon.) From which we were called upon to spread the causes of fear, relating to our own selves, or families before God ; as also, how it becomes us with an undeniable importunity to be following God, with earnest prayers for his blessing, in every condition. And it is very observable, how God ordered our prayers in a peculiar manner, to be going up to him ; to prepare us with a right *christian spirit*, to undergo and endure suffering trials.

Not long after, the Holy and righteous God, brought us under great trials, as to our persons and families, which put us under a necessity of spreading before him in a wilderness, the distressing dangers and calamities of our relations ; Yea, that called on us notwithstanding, seeming present frowns, to resolve by his grace not to be sent away without a blessing. *Jocob* in wrestling has the hollow of his thigh put out of joint ; and it is said to him, *let me go*, yet he is rather animated to an heroical christian resolution to continue earnest for the blessings, than discouraged from asking.

On the twenty ninth of *February*, 1703, 4, not long before break of day, the enemy came in like a flood upon us ; our watch

being unfaithful: An evil, whose awful effects, in a surprizal of our fort, should bespeak all watchmen to avoid, as they would not bring the charge of blood upon themselves. They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, with *Axes, and Hatchets*, awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and running toward the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house: I called to awaken two soldiers, in the chamber; and running toward my bedside, for my arms; the enemy immediately broke into the room, I judge to the number of twenty, with *painted faces*, and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bedtester, for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God, *for everlasting mercies for me and mine, on the account of the merits of our Glorified redeemer*; expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death: Saying in myself, as *Isaiah*, 38. 10, 11. *I said in the cutting off my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.* Taking down my pistol, I cocked it, and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians, who disarmed me, and

bound me, naked as I was in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour: Binding me, they told me they would carry me to *Quebeck*. My pistol missing fire, was an occasion of my life's being preserved: Since which I have also found it profitable to be crossed in my own will. The judgment of God did not long slumber against one of the three which took me, who was a Captain, for by sunrising he received a mortal shot, from my next neighbors house; who opposed so great a number of *French* and *Indians* as three hundred, and yet were no more than seven men in an ungarrisoned house.

I cannot relate the distressing care I had for my Wife, who had lien in but a few weeks before, and for my poor children, family, and christian neighbors. The enemy fell to rifling the house, and entered in great numbers into every room of the house. I begged of God to remember mercy in the midst of judgment that he would so far restrain their wrath and prevent their murdering of us: That we might have *grace to glorify his name, whether in life or death;* and as I was able, committed our souls to God. The enemies who entered the house were all of them *Indians* and *Macqua's*, inflexible over me a while, holding up hatchets over my head, threatening to burn all I had; but yet God beyond expectation, made us in a great measure to be pitied: For though some

were so cruel and barbarous as to take and carry to the door, two of my children and murder them, as also a Negro woman; yet they gave me liberty to put on my clothes, keeping me bound with a cord on one arm, till I put on my clothes to the other; and then changing my cord, they let me dress myself, and then pinioned me again. Gave liberty to my wife to dress herself, and our children. About sun an hour high, we were all carried out of the house, for a march, and saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken. Who can tell, what sorrows pierced our souls, when we saw ourselves carried away from God's sanctuary, to go into a strange land exposed to so many trials? the journey being at least three hundred miles we were to travel; the snow up to the knees, and we never inur'd to such hardships and fatigues, the place we were to be carried to, a popish county. Upon my parting from the town, they fired my house and barn. We were carried over the river, to a spot on the Mountain, about a mile from my house, where we found a great number of our christian neighbors, men, women, and children, to the number of an hundred, nineteen of which were afterward murdered by the way, and two starved to death, near *Cowass*, in a time of great scarcity or famine, the savages underwent there.

When we came to the foot of our mountain, they took away our shoes, and gave us in the room of them, Indian shoes, to prepare us for our Travel. Whilst we were there the *English* beat out a company that remained in the town, and pursued them to the river, killing and wounding many of them; but the body of the army being alarmed, they repulsed those few *English* that pursued them.

I am not able to give you an account of the number of the enemy slain, but I observed after this fight, no great insulting mirth, as I expected; and saw many wounded persons, and for several days together, they buried of their party, and one of chief note among the *Macquas*. The Governor of *Canada* told me, his army had that success with the loss, but of eleven men, three *Frenchmen*, one of which was the Lieutenant of the army, five *Macquas*, and three *Indians*: But after my arrival at *Quebeck*, I spake with an *English* man, who was taken the last war, and married there, and of their religion; who told me, they lost above forty and that many were wounded: I replied, the Governor of *Canada* said they lost but eleven men; he answered, it is true, that there was but eleven killed outright at the taking of the fort, but that many others were wounded, among whom was the Ensign of the *French*; but said he they had a fight in the meadow,

and that in both engagements, they lost more than forty. Some of the soldiers, both *French* and *Indians* then present told me so, (said he) adding, that the *French* always endeavor to conceal the number of their slain.

After this, we went up the mountain and, saw the smoke of the fires in the town, and beheld the awful desolations of our town. And before we marched any farther, they killed a sucking child of the *English*. There were slain by the enemy of the inhabitants of our town, to the number of thirty eight, besides nine of the neighboring towns. We traveled not far the first day; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, uncapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some of the small branches of the spruce trees to lye down on, and gave the prisoners some what to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned, and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town, fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit, they

killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town or in the way. In the night an *English* man made his escape; in the morning I was called for, and ordered by the General to tell the *English*, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me, was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her, to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to *an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens*; and *God for a Father, and friend*; as also, that it was our reasonable duty, quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, *the will of the Lord be done*. My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her; saying she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children, with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them, and never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had befallen us. We soon made an halt in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon

marching with the foremost, and so made to take my last farewell of my wife, *the desire of my eyes*, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other, Grace sufficient, for what God should call us to: After our being parted from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay, in reading the holy scriptures; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating of, and over, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the *English*, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift; and after that to travel up a small mountain, my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it: No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburthened of my pack; I sat pitying those who were behind, and intreated my master to let me go down, and help my wife, but he refused, and would not let me stir from him, I asked each of the prisoners (as they pased by me) after her, and heard that, passing through the above mentioned river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood thirsty savage who took her,

slew her with his hatchet, at one stroke; the tidings of which were very awful: And yet such was the heard heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss, and the loss of my children was great, our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away in mercy, to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the *spirits of just men made petfect*, to rest in peace, and *joy unspeakable and full of glory*; and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. That scripture, *Job* 1. 21. ——*Naked came I out of my mothers womb, and naked shall I return thither: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord:* Was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified; with some other places of scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march with a far heavier burden on my spirits, than on my back. I begged of God, to over rule in his providence, that the corpse of one so dear to me and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air, and beasts of the earth: A mercy that God graciously vouch-

safed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbors, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, recarry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed another sucking infant of one of my neighbors; and before night, a girl of about eleven years of age. I was made to mourn, at the consideration of my flocks being so far a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and so many murdered in so few miles from the town; and from fears what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of his people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the eastward, spake to my master about killing of me, and taking off my scalp. I lift up my heart to God, to implore his grace, and mercy in such a time of need; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it, assuring him that my death after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me. We laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us. In the morning we were all called before the chief *Sachems* of the *Macqua's* and *Indians*, that a more equal distribution might be made of the prisoners, among them: At my going from the wigwam, my best clothing was taken from me. As I came nigh the place ap-

pointed, some of the captives met me, and told me, they thought the enemies were going to burn so me of us, for they had pealed off the bark from several trees, and acted very strangely. To whom I replied, they could act nothing against us, but as they were permitted of God, and I was persuaded, he would prevent such severities. When we came to the wigwam appointed, several of the captives were taken from their former masters, and put into the hands of others; but I was sent again to my two masters, who brought me from my house.

In our fourth days march, the enemy killed another of my neighbors, who being nigh the time of travail, was wearied with her journey. When we came to the great river, the enemy took sleighs to draw their wounded, several of our children, and their packs, and marched a great pace. I travelled many hours in water up to the ankles: Near night I was very lame, having before my travel wronged my ankle bone and sinews: I thought, and so did others that I should not be able to hold out to travel. I lift my heart to God, (my only resource) to remove my lameness, and carry me through with my children and neighbors, if he judged it best; however I desired God would be with me in my great change, if he called me by such a death to glorify him; and that he would take care of my children, and neighbors,

and bless them; and within a little space of time, I was well of my lameness, to the joy of my children, and neighbors, who saw a great alteration in my travelling.

On the Saturday, (March 4,) the journey was long and tedious: We travelled with such speed, that four women were tired, and then slain by them who led them captive.

On Sunday, (March 5,) we rested, and I was permitted to pray and preach to the captives. The place of scripture spoken from, was Lam. 1. 18. *The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandment: Hear, I pray you, all people behold my sorrow; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity.* The enemy who said to us, *Sing us one of Zions songs*, were ready some of them to upbraid us, because our singing was not so loud as their's. When the Macquas and Indians were chief in power, we had this revival in our bondage, to join together in the worship of God, and incourage one another to patient bearing the indignation of the Lord, till he should plead our cause. When we arrived to *New France*, we were forbidden praying one with another, or joining together in the service of God.

The next day, (Monday, March 6,) soon after we marched, we had an alarm; on which many of the English were bound; I was then near the front, and my masters not with me so I was not bound. This alarm

was occasioned by some Indians shooting at geese that flew over them, which put them into a considerable consternation and fright; but after they came to understand that they were not pursued by the English, they boasted, that the English would not come out against them, as they had boasted before we began our journey in the morning. They killed this day two women who were so faint they could not travel.

The next day (Tuesday, March 7,) in the morning before we travelled, one *Mary Brooks*, a pious young woman, came to the wigwam where I was, and told me, she desired to bless God, who had inclined the heart of her master, to let her come and take her farewel of me. Said she, by my falls on the ice yestarday, I wronged myself, causing an abortion this night, so that I am not able to travel far; I know they will kill me to day; but (says she) God has (praised be his name) by his spirit with his word, strengthened me to my last encounter with death; and mentioned to me some places of scripture so seasonably sent in for her support. And (says she) I am not afraid of death; I can through the grace of God cheerfully submit to the will of God. Pray for me (said she) at parting, that God would take me to himself. Accordingly she was killed that day. I mention it to the end, I may stir up all in their young days, to improve the death of

Christ by faith, to a giving them an holy boldness in the day of death.

The next day (Wednesday, March 8,) we were made to scatter one from another into smaller companies, and one of my children carried away with Indians belonging to the Eastern parts. At night my master came to me, with my pistol in his hand, and put it to my breast, and said, now I will kill you, for (he said) you would have killed me with it if you could. But by the grace of God I was not much daunted, and whatever his intention might be, God prevented my death.

The next day, (Thursday, March 9,) I was again permitted to pray with that company of captives with me, and we allowed to sing a psalm together. After which, I was taken from all the company of the English, excepting two children of my neighbors, one of which, a girl of four years of age, was killed by her Macqua master the next morning, (Friday, March 10,) the snow being so deep when we left the river, that he could not carry the child and his pack too.

When the sabbath came (March 12,) one Indian staid with me, and a little boy nine years old, whilst the rest went a hunting. And when I was here, I thought with myself that God had now separated me from the congregation of his people, who was now in his sanctuary, when he commandeth the blessing even life for ever: And made to bewail

my unfruitfulness under, and unthankfulness for such a mercy. When my spirit was almost overwhelmed within me, at the consideration of what had past over me, and what was to be expected; I was ready almost to sink in my spirit; but God spake those words with a greater efficacy than man could speak them, for my strengthning and support. Psal. 118. 17. *I shall not die, but live: And declare the works of the Lord.* Psal. 42. 11. *Why art thou cast down O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.* Nehem. 1. 8. 9. *Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandest thy servant Moses, saying if ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations; But if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them, though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there.* These three places of scripture, one after another, by the grace of God strengthened my hopes that God would so far restrain the wrath of the adversary, that the greatest number of us left alive, should be carried through so tedious a journey; that though my children had no father to take care of them, that word quieted me to a patient waiting to see the end the Lord would make.

Jer. 49. 11. *Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.* Accordingly God carried them wonderfully through great difficulties and dangers. My youngest daughter aged seven years, was carried all the journey, and looked after with a great deal of tenderness. My youngest son aged four years, was wonderfully preserved from death; for though they that carried him or drawed him on sleighs, were tired with their journeys, yet the savage cruel tempers, were so overruled by God, that they did not kill him, but in their pity he was spared, and others would take care of him; so that four times on their journey he was spared, and others would take care of him, till at last he arrived at *Mont Royal*, where a French Gentlewoman pitying the child, redeemed it out of the hands of the heathen. My son *Samuel*, and my eldest daughter, were pitied so as to be drawn on sleighs, when unable to travel. And though they suffered very much through scarcity of food, and tedious journies, they were carried through to *Mont Royal*. And my son *Stephen* about eleven years of age, wonderfully preserved from death, in the famine whereof three English persons died, and after eight months brought into *Shamblee*.

My master returned on the evening of the Sabbath, (March 12,) and told me, he had killed five moose. The next day, (Monday,

March 18,) we were removed to the place where he killed them. We tarried there three days, till we had roasted and dried the meat. My master made me a pair of snowshoes, for (said he) you cannot possibly travel without; the snow being knee deep. We parted from thence heavy laden; I travelled with a burden on my back, with snowshoes, twentyfive miles the first day of wearing them; and again the next day till afternoon; and then we came to the French River. My master at this place took away my pack, and drew the whole load on the ice; but my bones seemed to be misplaced, and I unable to travel with any speed. My feet were very sore, and each night I wrung blood out of my stockings, when I pulled them off. My shins also were very sore, being cut with crusty snow, in the time of my travelling without snowshoes. But finding some dry oak leaves, by the river banks, I put them to my shins, and in once applying them, they were healed. And here my master was very kind to me, would always give me the best he had to eat; and by the goodness of God, I never wanted a meal's meat during my captivity; though some of my children and neighbors were greatly wounded (as I may say) with the arrows of famine, and pinching want; having for many days nothing but roots to live upon, and not much of them neither. My master gave me a piece of a

BIBLE; never disturbed me in reading the scriptures, or in praying to God. Many of my neighbors also, found that mercy in their journey, to have bibles, psalm books, catechisms, and good books, put into their hands, with liberty to use them; and yet after their arrival at *Canada*, all possible endeavors were used to deprive them of them. Some of them say their bibles were demanded by the French priests, and never redelivered to them, to their great grief and sorrow.

My march on the French river was very sore; for fearing a thaw, we travelled a very great pace; my feet were so bruised, and my joints so distorted by my travelling in snowshoes, that I thought it impossible to hold out. One morning a little before break of day, my master came and awaked me out of my sleep, saying, Arise, pray to God, and eat your breakfast, for we must go a great way to day. After prayer, I arose from my knees, but my feet were so tender, swoln, bruised, and full of pain, that I could scarce stand upon them, without holding by the wigwam. And when the Indians said you must run today; I answered, I could not run. My master pointing out his hatchet, said to me, Then I must dash out your brains, and take off your scalp. I said, I suppose then you will do so, for I am not able to travel with speed. He sent me away alone, on the ice. About sun half an hour

high, he overtook me, for I had gone very slowly, not thinking it possible to travel five miles. When he came up, he called me to run; I told him I could go no faster; he passed by without saying one word more: So that sometimes I scarce saw any thing of him for an hour together. I travelled from about break of day till dark, never so much as sat down at noon to eat warm victuals, eating frozen meat which I had in my coat pocket, as I traveled. We went that day two of their days journey, as they came down, I judge we went forty five miles that day. God wonderfully supported me, and so far renewed my strength, that in the afternoon I was stronger to travel, than in the forenoon. My strength was restored and renewed to admiration. We should never distrust the care and compassion of God, who can give strength to them who have no might, and power to them that are ready to faint.

When we entered on the lake, the ice was rough, and uneven, which was very grievous to my feet, that could scarce bear to be set down on the smooth ice, on the river; I lift up my cry to God in ejaculatory requests, *That he would take notice of my state, and some way or other relieve me.* I had not marched above half a mile, before there fell a moist snow, about an inch and an half deep, that made it very soft for my feet to pass over

the lake, to the place where my masters family was. Wonderful favors in the midst of trying afflictions! We went a day's journey from the lake, to a small company of Indians, who were a hunting; they were, after their manner, kind to me, and gave me the best they had, which was Moose flesh, ground nuts and cramberries, but no bread—for three weeks together I eat no bread. After our stay there, and undergoing difficulties in cutting wood, and suffering from lousiness, having lousy old clothes of soldiers put upon me when they stript me of mine, to sell to the French soldiers in the army.

We again began a march for *Shamblee*; we stayed at a branch of the lake, and feasted two or three days on geese we killed there. After another day's travel, we came to a river where the ice was thawed, we made a canoe of elm bark, in one day; and arrived on a Saturday *near noon at *Shamblee*, a small village, where is a garrison and fort of French soldiers.

At Shamblee.

This village is about fifteen miles from *Mont Royal*. The French were very kind to me: A gentleman of the place took me into his house, and to his table, and lodged me

* Suppose March 25.

at night on a good feather bed. The inhabitants and officers were very obliging to me, the little time I stayed with them, and promised to write a letter to the Governor in chief, to inform him of my passing down the river. Here I saw a girl taken from our town, and a young man, who informed me, that the greatest part of the captives were come in, and that two of my children were at *Mont Royal*; that many of the captives had been in, three weeks before my arrival: Mercy in the midst of judgment! As we passed along the river towards *Sorel*, we went into an house where was an English woman of our town, who had been left among the French in order to her conveyance to the Indian fort. The French were very kind to her and to myself, and gave us the best provision they had; and she embarked with us to go down to *St. Francois* fort. When we came down to the first inhabited house at *Sorel*, a French woman came to the river side, and desired us to go into her house, and when we were entered, she compassionated our state, and told us, she had in the last war been a captive among the Indians, and therefore was not a little sensible of our difficulties. She gave the Indians something to eat in the chimney corner, and spread a cloth on the table for us with napkins; which gave such offence to the Indians, that they hasted away, and would not call in at the

fort: But wherever we entered into houses, the French were very courteous. When we came to *St. Francois* river, we found some difficulty by reason of the ice; and entering into a Frenchman's house, he gave us a loaf of bread, and some fish to carry away with us; but we passed down the river till night, and there seven of us supped on the fish called Bull head, or Pout, and did not eat it up, the fish was so very large.

The next morning we met with such a quantity of ice, that we were forced to leave our canoe and travel on land. We went to a French officer's house, who took us into a private room, out of the sight of the Indians, and treated us very courteously. That night we arrived at the fort called *St. Francois*, where we found several poor children who had been taken from the Eastward the summer before; a sight very affecting, they being in habit very much like Indians, and in manners very much symbolizing with them. At this fort lived two Jesuits, one of which was made Superior of the Jesuits at *Quebec*. One of these Jesuits met me at the fort gate, and asked me to go into the church, and give God thanks for preserving my life. I told him I would do that in some other place. When the bell rang for evening prayers, he that took me bid me go, but I refused. The Jesuit came to our wigwam, and prayed a short prayer, and invited me to sup with

them; and justified the Indians in what they did against us; rehearsing some things done by Major *Walden*, above thirty years ago; and how justly God retaliated them in the last war, and inveighed against us for beginning this war with the Indians; and said, we had before the last winter, and in the winter, been very barbarous and cruel in burning and killing the Indians. I told them, that the Indians in a very perfidious manner, had commited murders on many of our inhabitants, after the signing articles of peace. And as to what they spake of cruelties, they were undoubtedly falshoods; for I well knew the English were not approvers of any inhumanity or barbarity towards enemies. They said, an English man had killed one of St. *Casteen's* relations, which occasioned this war. For, say they, the nations in a general council, had concluded not to engage in the war on any side, till they themselves were first molested, and then all of them as one, would engage against them that began a war with them; and that upon the killing of *Casteen's* kinsman, a post was dispatched to *Canada* to advertise the Macquas and Indians, that the English had begun a war. On which they gathered up their forces, and that the French joined with them, to come down on the Eastern parts; and that when they came near *New England*, several of the Eastern Indians told them of the peace made with the

English, and the satisfaction given them from the English for that murder. But the Maquas told them, it was now too late; for they were sent for, and were now come, and would fall on them, if without their consent they made a peace with the English. [illegible]id also that a letter was shown to them, [illegible]t from the Governor of *Port Royal*, which [illegible] said, was taken in an English ship, being a letter from the Queen of *England* to our Governor, writing how she approved his designs to ensnare and deceitfully to seize on the Indians; so that being enraged from that letter, and being forced as it were, they began the present war. I told them the letter was a lye, forged by the French.

The next morning the bell rang for mass. My master bid me go to church; I refused: He threatened me, and went away in a rage. At noon the Jesuits sent for me, to dine with them; for I eat at their table all the time I was at the fort. And after dinner, they told me, the Indians would not allow of any of their captives staying in their wigwams whilst they were at church; and were resolved by force and violence to bring us all to church, if we would not go without. I told them it was highly unreasonable so to impose upon those who were of a contrary religion; and to force us to be present at such a service, as we abhorred, was nothing becoming Christianity. They replied, they

were savages, and would not hearken to reason, but would have their wills. Said also, if they were in *New England* themselves, they would go into their churches to see their ways of worship. I answered, the case was far different, for there was nothing (themselves being judges) as to matter or manner of worship, but what was according to the word of God, in our churches; and therefore it could not be an offence to any man's conscience. But among them there were idolatrous superstitions in worship. They said, come and see, and offer us conviction, of what is superstitions in worship. To which I answered, that I was not to do evil that good might come on it; and that forcing in matters of religion was hateful. They answered, the indians were resolved to have it so, and they could not pacify them without my coming; and they would engage they should offer no force or violence to cause any compliance with their ceremonies. The next mass, my master bid me go to church; I objected; he arose and forcibly pulled me out by head and shoulders out of the wigwam to the church, that was nigh the door. So I went in and sat down behind the door, and there saw a great confusion instead of any gospel order. For one of the Jesuits was at the altar, saying mass in a tongue unknown to the savages; and the other between the altar and the door, saying and

singing prayers among the Indians at the same time; and many others were at the same time saying over their *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Mary*, by tale from their chaplet, or beads on string. At our going out, we smiled at their devotion so managed; which was offensive to them; for they said, we made a derision of their worship. When I was here, a certain savagess died; one of the Jesuits told me, she was a very holy woman, who had not committed one sin in twelve years. After a day or two the Jesuits asked me, what I thought of their way now I saw it? I told them, I thought Christ said of it, Mark 7. 7, 8, 9. *Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots, and cups; and many other such like things ye do. And he said unto them, full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.* They told me, they were not the commandments of men, but apostolical traditions, of equal authority with the holy scriptures. And that after my death, I would bewail my not praying to the Virgin *Mary*; and that I should find the want of her intercession for me, with her Son; judging me to hell, for asserting the scriptures to be a perfect rule of faith; and said I abounded in my own sense, entertaining explications contrary to the sense of the

Pope, regularly siting with a general council explaining scripture, and making articles of faith. I told them, it was my comfort that Christ was to be my judge, and not they at the great day: And as for their censuring and judging me, I was not moved with it.

One day a certain savagess taken prisoner in *Philip's* war, who had lived at Mr. Bulkley's at *Wethersfield*, called *Ruth*, who could speak English very well; who had been often at my house, but was now proselyted to the Romish faith, came into the wigwam, and with her an English maid, who was taken the last war, who was dressed up in Indian apparel, could not speak one word of English, who said she could neither tell her own name, or the name of the place from whence she was taken. These two talked in the Indian dialect with my master a long time; after which my master bad me cross myself; I told him, I would not; he commanded me several times, and I as often refused. *Ruth* said Mr. *Williams*, you know the scripture, and therefore act against your own light; for you know the scripture saith, *Servants obey your masters*; he is your master and you his servant. I told her she was ignorant, and knew not the meaning of the scripture; telling her, I was not to disobey the great God, to obey any master, and that I was ready to die to suffer for God, if called thereto. On which she talked with my

master, I suppose she interpreted what I said. My master took hold of my hand to force me to cross myself, but I struggled with him, and would not suffer him to guide my hand; upon this he pulled off a crucifix from his own neck, and bade me kiss it; but I refused once and again; he told me, he would dash out my brains with his hatchet, if I refused. I told him, I should sooner chuse death than to sin against God; then he ran and catched up his hatchet, and acted as though he would have dashed out my brains. Seeing I was not moved, he threw down his hatchet, saying, he would first bite off all my nails, if I still refused. I gave him my hand and told him I was ready to suffer; he set his teeth in my thumb nail, and gave a gripe with his teeth, and then said no good minister, no love God as bad as the devil;—and so left off. I have reason to bless God, who strengthened me to withstand; by this he was so discouraged, as never more to meddle with me about my religion. I asked leave of the Jesuits to pray with those English of our town that were with me, but they absolutely refused to give us any permission to pray one with another, and did what they could to prevent our having any discourse together.

After a few days the Governor *de Vaudreil*, Governor in Chief, sent down two men with letters to the Jesuits, desiring them to order

my being sent up to him to *Mont Royal*, upon which one of the Jesuits went with my two masters and took me along with them, as also two more of *Deerfield*, a man and his daughter about seven years of age. When we came to the Lake, the wind was tempestuous and contrary to us, so that they were afraid to go over; they landed and kindled a fire, and said they would wait awhile to see whether the wind would fall or change. I went aside from the company among the trees, and spread our case, with the temptations of it before God, and pleaded that he would order the season so, that we might not go back again, but be furthered on our voyage, that I might have opportunity to see my children and neighbors, and converse with them, and know their state. When I returned the wind was more boisterous, and then a second time, and the wind was more fierce; I reflected upon myself for my unquietness, and the want of a resigned will to the will of God. And a third time went and bewailed before God my anxious cares, and the tumultuous working of my own heart, and begged a will fully resigned to the will of God and thought that by the grace of God I was brought to say Amen, to whatever God should determine. Upon my return to the company, the wind was yet high; the Jesuit and my master said, come we will go back again to the fort, for there

is no likelihood of proceeding on our voyage, for very frequently such a wind continues three days, sometimes six, after it had continued so many hours, I said to them, the will of the Lord be done; and the canoe was put again into the river, and we embarked. No sooner had my master put me into the canoe, and put off from the shore, but the wind fell, and coming into the middle of the river, they said, we may go over the lake well enough, and so we did. I promised, if God gave me opportunity, I would stir up others to glorify God in a continued persevering, committing their straits of heart to him: *He is a prayer hearing God, and the stormy winds obey him.* After we passed over the Lake, the French wherever we came, were very compassionate to us.

AT MONT ROYAL.

When I came to *Mont Royal*, which was eight weeks* after my captivity, the Governor *de Vaudrel* redeemed me out of the hands of the Indians, gave me the use of a very good chamber, and was in all respects relating to my outward man, courteous and charitable to admiration. At my first entering into his house, he sent for my two children, who were in the city, that I might see them;

* 8 Weeks from February 29, is Tuesday, April 25.

and promised to do what he could to get all my children, and neighbors out of the hands of the savages. My change of diet, after the difficulties of my journies, caused an alteration in my body: I was physiced, blooded, and very tenderly taken care of in my sickness. The Governor redeemed my eldest daughter out of the hands of the Indians; and she was carefully tended in the hospital, until she was well of her lameness; and by the Governor provided for with respect, during her stay in the country. My youngest child was redeemed by a gentlewoman in the city, as the Indians passed by. After the Indians had been at their fort, and discoursed with the priests, they came back and offered to the gentlewoman a man for the child, alledging that the child could not be profitable to her, but the man would, for he was a weaver, and his service would much advance the design she had of making cloth. But God overuled so far, that this temptation to the woman prevailed not for an exchange; for had the child gone to the Indian fort, in an ordinary way it had abode there still, as the rest of the children carried there do. The Governor gave orders to certain officers to get the rest of my children out of the hands of the Indians, and as many of my neighbors as they could. After six weeks, a merchant of the city obtained my eldest son that was taken to live with him: He took a

great deal of pains to persuade the savages to part with him. An Indian came to the city (Sagamore *George* of *Pennacook*) from *Cowas*, and brought word of my son Stephen's being near *Cowas*, and some money was put into his hand for his redemption, and a promise of full satisfaction if he brought him; but the Indian proved unfaithful, and I never saw my child till a year after.

The Governor ordered a priest to go along with me to see my youngest daughter among the Macquas and endeavor her ransom. I went with him; he was very courteous to me, and from his parish which was near the Macqua fort, he wrote a letter to the Jesuit, to desire him to send my child to see me, and to speak with them that took her, to come along with it. But the Jesuit wrote back a letter, that I should not be permitted to speak with, or see my child, if I came my labor would be lost; and that the Macquas would as soon part with their heart, as my child. At my return to the city, I with an heavy heart carried the Jesuit's letter to the Governor, who, when he read it, was very angry, and endeavored to comfort me assuring me, I should see it, and speak with it; and he would to his utmost endeavor its ransom. Accordingly he sent to the Jesuits who were in the city, and bid them improve their interest for the obtaining the child. After some days, he went with me in his

own person to the fort. When we came thither, he discoursed with the Jesuits; after which my child was brought into the chamber where I was. I was told I might speak with her, but should not be permitted to speak to no other English person there. My child was about seven years old: I discoursed with her near an hour; she could read very well, and had not forgot her catechism; and was very desirous to be redeemed out of the hands of the Macquas, and bemoaned her state [illegible]ng them, telling me how they profaned God's Sabbath; and said, she thought that a few days before they had been mocking the devil, and that one of the Jesuits stood and looked on them. I told her she must pray to God for his grace every day; she said, she did as she was able, and God helped her. But says she, they force me to say some prayers in Latin, but I do not understand one word of them, I hope it will not do me any harm. I told her she must be careful she did not forget her catechism, and the scriptures, she had learnt by heart. She told the captives after I was gone, as some of them have since informed me, almost every thing I spake to her; and said, she was much afraid she should forget her catechism, having none to instruct her. I saw her once a few days after in the city, but had not many minutes of time with her, but what time I had I improved to give her the

best advice I could. The Governor labored much for her redemption, at last he had the promise of it, in case he would procure for them an Indian girl in her stead. Accordingly he sent up the river some hundred of leagues for one, but it was refused, when offered by the Governor: He offered them an hundred pieces of eight for her redemption, but it was refused. His lady went over to have begged her from them, but all in vain; it is there still, and has forgotten to speak English. Oh! that all who peruse this history, would join in their fervent requests to God, with whom all things are possible, that this poor child, and so many others of our children who have been cast upon God from the womb, and are now outcasts ready to perish, might be gathered from their dispersion, and receive sanctifying grace from God.

When I had discoursed with the child, and was coming out of the fort, one of the Jesuits went out of the chamber with me, and some soldiers, to convey me to the conoe. I saw some of my poor neighbors, who stood with longing expectations to see me, and speak with me, and had leave from their savage masters so to do. I was by the Jesuit himself thrust along by force, and permitted only to tell them some of their relations (they asked after) were well in the city, and that with a very audible voice; being not permitted to come near to them.

After my return to the city, I was very melancholy, for I could not be permitted so much as to pray with the English, who dwelt in the same house. And the English who came to see me, were most of them put back by the guard at the door, and not suffered to come and speak with me. Sometimes the guard was so strict that I could scarce go aside on necessary occasions without a repulse; and whenever I went out into the city (a favor the Governor himself never refused when I asked it of him) there were spies to watch me and to observe whether I spake to the English. Upon which I told some of the English, they must be careful to call to mind and improve former instructions, and endeavor to stand at a further distance for a while, hoping that after a short time I should have more liberty of conversing with them. But some spies sent out, found on a Sabbath day more than three (the number we by their order published were not to exceed together) of us in company, who informed the priest; the next day one of the priests told me, I had a greater number of the English with me, and that I had spoken something reflecting on their religion. I spake to the Governor that no forcible means might be used with any of the captives respecting their religion; he told me, he allowed no such thing. I am persuaded that the Governor, if he might act as himself, would

not have suffered such things to be done as have been done, and that he never did know of several things acted against the English.

At my first coming to *Mont Royal*, the Governor told me, I should be sent home as soon as Captain *Battiss* was returned, and not before; and that I was taken in order to his redemption. The Governor sought by all means to divert me from my malancholly sorrows, and always shewed a willingness for seeing my children. And one day I told him of my design of walking into the city; he pleasantly answered, go with all my heart. His eldest son went with me as far as the door, and saw the guard stop me, he went in and informed his father who came to the door and asked, why they affronted the gentleman going out? They said, it was their order: But with an angry countenance he said, his orders were that I should not be stoped. But within a little time I had my orders to go down to *Quebec*. Another thing showing that many things are done without the Governor's consent, though his name be used to justify them, viz. I asked the Priest, after I had been at *Mont Royal* two days, leave to go and see my youngest child; he said whenever you will see it tell me, and I will bring it to you; for says he, the Governor is not willing you should go thither. And yet not many days after, when we were at dinner, the Governor's lady (seeing me said)

speak to an officer at table, who could speak Latin, to tell me, that after dinner I should go along with them and see my two children. And accordingly after dinner I was carried to see them; and when I came to the house, I found three or four English captives who lived there, and I had leave to discourse with them. And not long after, the Governor's lady asked me to go along with her to the hospital to see one of my neighbors sick there.

One day one of Jesuits came to the Governor's, and told the company there, that he never saw such persons as were taken from Deerfield. Said he, the Macquas will not suffer any of their prisoners to abide in their wigwams whilst they themselves are at mass, but carry them with them to the church, and they cannot be prevailed with to fall down on their knees to pray there, but no sooner are they returned to their wigwams, but they fall down on their knees to prayer. He said, they could do nothing with the grown persons there; and they hindered the children's complying.—Whereupon the Jesuits counselled the Macquas to sell all the grown persons from the fort; a stratagem to seduce poor children. *Oh Lord turn the counsel of these* Ahitophels *into foolishness, and make the counsels of the heathen of none effect!*

Here I observed, they were wonderfully lifted up with pride, after the return of Cap-

tain *Montinug* from *Northampton* with news of success: they boasted of their success against *New England*. And they sent out an army as they said of seven hundred men, if I mistake not, too hundred of which were French, in company of which army went several Jesuits; and said, they would lay desolate all the places on *Connecticut* river. The superior of the priests told me, their General was a very prudent and brave commander, of undaunted courage, and he doubted not but they should have great success. This army went away in such a boasting triumphing manner, that I had great hopes God would discover and disappoint their designs: Our prayers were not wanting for the blasting of such a bloody design. The superior of the priests said to me, do not flatter yourselves in hopes of a short captivity; for, said he, there are two young princes contending for the kingdom of Spain; and a third, that care was to be taken of his establishment on the English throne. And boasted what they would do in *Europe*; and that we must expect not only in *Europe*, but in *New England*, the establishment of Popery. I said, Glory not, God can make great changes in a little time, and revive his own interest, and yet save his poor afflicted people. Said he, the time for miracles is past; and in the time of the last war, the King of *France* was as it were against all the world, and yet

did great things ; but now the kingdom of *Spain* is for him, and the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, &c. and spake in a lofty manner of great things to be done by them ; and having the world, as I may say, in subjection to them.

I was sent down to *Quebec* in company of Governor *de Ramsey*, Governor of *Mont Royal*, and the superior of the Jesuits, and ordered to live with one of the Council ; from whom I received many favors, for seven weeks. He told me, it was the Priests doings to send me down before the Governor came down ; and that if I went much to see the English, or they came much to visit me, I should yet certainly be sent away where I should have no converse with the English.

AT QUEBEC.

After coming down to *Quebec*, I was invited to dine with the Jesuits, and to my face they were civil enough. But after a few days, a young Gentleman came to my chamber, and told me, that one of the Jesuits (after we had done dinner) made a few distiches of verses, and gave them to his scholars to translate into French : He shewed them to me. The import of them was, " That the King of *France* his grandson had sent out his huntsmen, and that they had taken a Wolf, who was shut up, and now he hopes

the sheep would be in safety." I know at the reading of them what they aimed at, but held my peace, as though I had been ignorant of the Jesuits intention. Observing this reproaching spirit, I said in my heart, if God will bless, let men curse if they please; and I looked to God in Christ, the great shepherd, to keep his scattered sheep among so many Romish ravenous wolves, and to remember the reproaches wherewith his holy name, ordinances and servants were daily reproached. And upon an observation of the time of these verses being composed, I find that near the same time, the Bishop of *Canada* with twenty Ecclesiasticks, were taken by the English as they were coming from *France*, and carried into *England* as prisoners of war.

One Sabbath morning I observed many signs of approaching rain, a great moisture on the stones of the hearth and chimney jams. I was that day invited to dine with the Jesuits; and when I went up to dinner, it began to rain a small drisling rain: The superior told me, they had been praying for rain that morning, and now (says he) it begins to rain. I told him, I could tell him of many instances of God's hearing our prayers for rain. However in the afternoon there was a general procession of all orders, Priests, Jesuits and Fryars, and the Citizens in great pomp, carrying (as they said) as an holy re-

lique, one of the bones of St. Paul. The next day I was invited to the Priest's seminary to dinner; Oh, said they, we went in procession yesterday for rain, and see what a plentiful rain followed. I answered, we had been answered when praying for rain, when no such signs of rain, and the beginnings of rain, had preceeded, as now with them, before they appointed or began their procession, &c. However they upbraided me, that God did not approve of our religion, in that he disregarded our prayers, and accepted theirs. For, said they, we heard you had days of fasting and prayer before the fleet came to Quebec; God would not regard your prayers, but heard ours, and almost in a miraculous way preserved us when sulted, and refused to hear your fastday prayers for your preservation, but heard ours for your desolation, and our success. They boasted also of their King, and his greatness, and spake of him as though there could be no settlement in the world, but as he pleased; reviling us as in a low and languishing case, having no king, but being under the government of a Queen. And spake as though the Duke of *Bavaria* would in a short time be Emperor. From this day forward God gave them to hear sorrowful tidings from *Europe*: That a war was commenced against the duke of *Savoy*, and so their enemies increased—their Bishop taken, and two

millions of wealth with him. News every year more distressing and impoverishing them; and the Duke of *Bavaria* so far from being Emperor that he is dispossessed of his dukedom: And *France* so far from being strengthened by *Spain*, that the kingdom of *Spain* is like to be an occasion of weakening and impoverishing their own kingdom; they themselves so reporting. And their great army going against *New England*, turned back ashamed; and they discouraged and disheartened, and every year very exercising fears and cares as to the savages who live up the river. Before the return of that army, they told me, we were led up and down, and sold by the heathen, as sheep for the slaughter, and they could not devise what they should do with us, we should be so many prisoners, when the army returned. The Jesuite told me, it was a great mercy that so many of our children were brought to them, and that now especially since they were not like speedily to be returned, there was hope of their being brought over to the Romish faith. They would take the English children born among them, and against the consent of their parents, baptize them. One Jesuite came to me and asked, whether all the English at *Loret* (a place not far from *Quebec* where the Savages lived) were baptized? I told him they were. He said, if they be not, let me know of it, that I may baptize

them for fear they should die, and be damned, if they die without baptism. Says he, when the savages went against you, I charged them to baptize all children before they killed them; such was my desire of your eternal salvation, though you were our enemies. There was a gentleman called Monsieur de Beauville, a Captain, the brother of the Lord intendant, who was a good friend to me, and very courteous to all the captives; he lent me an English bible, and when he went to *France* gave it to me. *All means were used to seduce poor souls.*

I was invited one day to dine with one of chief note; as I was going, met with the superior of the Jesuites coming out of the house, and he came in after dinner; and presently it was propounded to me, if I would stay among them, and be of their religion, I should have a great and honorable pension from the King every year. The superior of the Jesuits turned to me and said, "Sir, you have manifested much grief and sorrow for your separation from so many of your neighbors and children; if you will now comply with this offer and proposal, you may have all your children with you; and here will be enough for an honorable maintenance for you and them." I answered, "Sir, if I thought your religion to be true, I would embrace it freely without any such offer, but so long as I believe it to be what it is, the

offer of the whole world is of no more value to me than a blackberry;" and manifested such an abhorrance of this proposal, that I speedily went to take my leave and be gone. "Oh Sir, (said he) sit down, why in such a hurry? You are alone in your chamber, divert yourself a little longer;" and fell to other discourse: And within half an hour says again, "Sir, I have one thing earnestly to request of you, I pray you pleasure me!" I said, "Let your Lordship speak." Said he, "I pray come to the palace tomorrow morning, and honor me with your company in my coach to the great church, it being then a Saint's day." I answered, "Ask me any thing wherein I can serve you with a good conscience, and I am ready to gratify you; but I must ask your excuse here;" and immediately went away from him. Returning to my chamber, I gave God thanks for his upholding me; and also made an enquiry with myself, whether I had by any action given encouragement for such a temptation?

At Chateauvichr, *fifteen miles below* Quebec.

Not many days after, and a few days before Governor *de Vaudrel's* coming down, I was sent away fifteen miles down the river, that I might not have opportunity of converse-

with the English. I was courteously treated by the French, and the Priest of that parish; they told me, he was one of the most learned men in the country; he was a very ingenious man, zealous in their way, but yet very familiar. I had many disputes with the Priests who came thither: And when I used their own authors to confute some of their positions, my books borrowed of them were taken away from me; for they said, I made an ill use of them. They having many of them boasted of their unity in doctrine and profession, were loth I should show them from their own best approved authors, as many different opinions, as they could charge agast us. Here again, a gentleman in the presence of the old Bishop and Priest, offered me his house, and whole living, with assurance of honor, wealth and employment, if I would embrace their ways. I told them, I had an indignation of soul against such offers, on such terms as parting with what was more valuable than all the world; alledging, what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? I was sometimes told I might have all my children, if would comply, and must never expect to have them on any other terms. I told them, My children were dearer to me than all the world, but I would not deny Christ and his truths for the having of them with me; I

would still put my trust in God, who could perform all things for me.

I am persuaded that the Priest of that parish where I kept, abhorred their sending down the heathen to commit outrages against the English; saying, It was more like committing murder, than managing a war. In my confinement in this parish, I had my undisturbed opportunities to be humbly imploring God's grace for ourselves, for soul and body; for his protecting presence with *New England*, and his disappointing the bloody designs of enemies; that God would be a little sanctuary to us in a land of captivity; and that our friends in *New England* might have grace to make a more thankful and faithful improvement of the means of grace, than we had done; who by our neglects, find ourselves out of God's sanctuary.

On the 21st of *October* 1704, I received some letters from *New England*, with an account that many of my neighbors escaped out of the desolations in the fort; and that my wife was recarried and decently buried; and that my eldest son who was absent in our desolation, was sent to College, and provided for; which occasioned thanksgiving to God in the midst of afflictions, and caused prayes even in *Canada*, to be going daily up to heaven for a blessing on benefactors, showing such kindness to the desolate and afflicted.

The consideration of such crafty designs to ensnare young ones, and to turn them from the simplicity of the gospel to Romish superstition, was very exercising. Sometimes they would tell me, my children, sometimes my neighbors, were turned to be of their religion. Some made it their work to allure poor souls by flatteries and great promises, some threatened, some offered abusive carriages to such as refused to go to church and be present at mass. Some they industriously contrived to get married among them. A Priest drew up a compendium of the Roman Catholic faith, and pretended to prove it by the scriptures, telling the English, that all they required was contained in the scriptures, which they acknowledged to be the rule of faith and manners; but it was by scriptures horribly perverted and abused. I could never come to the sight of it, (though I often earnestly entreated a copy of it) until I was a ship board for our voyage for *New England*; but hearing of it, I endeavored to possess the English with their danger of being cheated with such a pretence. I understood they would tell the English that I was turned, that they might gain them to change their religion. These their endeavors to seduce to Popery, were very exercising to me. And in my solitariness, I drew up these following sorrowful, mournful considerations, though unused to, and unskilful in poetry,

yet in a plain stile for the use of some of the captives, who would sometimes make their secret visits to me, which at the desire of some of them, are here made public.

SOME CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE POOR AND DESOLATE STATE OF THE CHURCH AT DEERFIELD.

THE sorrows of my heart enlarged are,
Whilst I my present state with past compare,
I frequently unto God's house did go,
With Christian friends, his praises forth to show.
But now, I solitary sit, both sigh and cry,
Whilst my flock's misery think on do I.
Many, Both old and young, were slain out right;
Some in a bitter season take their flight;
Some burnt to death; and others stifled were;
The enemy no age or sex would spare.
The tender children, with their parents sad,
Are carry'd forth as captives; some unclad;
Some murdered in the way, unburied left;
And some through famine were of life bereft,
After a tedious journey, some are sold;
Some left in Heathen hands; all from Christ's fold,
By Popish rage, and Heath'nish cruelty,
Are banished: Yea some compell'd to be
Present at Mass; young children parted are
From parents, and such as instructors were.
Crafty designs are us'd by Papists all,
In ignorance of truth, them to inthral;
Some threatened are, unless they will comply,
In Heathen hands again be made to lye.
To some large promises are made, if they
Will truths renounce, and choose their Popish way.
Oh Lord! mine eyes on thee shall waiting be,
'Till thou again turn our captivity.

Their Romish plots, thou canst confound, and save
This little flock, this mercy do I crave.
Save us from all our sins, and yet again
Deliver us from them who truth disdain.
Lord ! For thy mercy sake, thy cov'nant mind ;
And in thy house again, rest let us find.
So we thy praises forth will shew, and speak
Of all thy wond'rous works ; yea we will seek
Th' advancement of thy great and glorious name,
Thy rich and sovereign grace, we will proclaim.

THE hearts of some were ready to be discouraged and sink, saying, they were out of sight, and so out of mind. I endeavored to persuade them we were not forgotten ; that undoubtedly many prayers were continually going up to heaven for us. Not long after came Capt. *Livingston*, and Mr. *Shelden*, with letters from his ex.. lency our Governor, to the Governor of *Canada*, about the exchange of prisoners ; which gave a revival to many, and raised expectations of a return. These visits from *New England* to *Canada* so often, greatly strengthened many who were ready to faint ; and gave some check to the designs of the Papists to gain proselytes. But God's time of deliverance was not yet come. As to some particular persons, their temptations and trials were increased ; and some abused because they refused a compliance with their superstitions. A young woman of our town met with a new trial. For on a day, a Frenchman came into the room where she was, and shewing her his beads, and boasting

of them, putting them near to her; she knocked them out of his hands on the floor; for which she was beaten, and threatened with death, and for some days imprisoned. I pleaded with God his overruling this first essay for the deliverance of some, as a pledge of the rest being delivered in due time. I improved Capt. *de Beauville*, who had always been very friendly, to intercede with the Governor for the return of my eldest daughter; and for his purchasing my son *Stephen*, from the Indians at *St. Francois* fort; and for liberty to go up and see my children and neighbors at *Mont Royal*. Divine providence appeared to a moderating my afflictions, in that five English persons of our town were permitted to return with Capt. *Livingston*, amongst whom went my eldest daughter. And my son *Stephen* was redeemed and sent to live with me: He was almost quite naked, and very poor; he had suffered much among the Indians. One of the Jesuits took it upon him, to come to the wigwam, and whip him on some complaint that the Squaws had made, that he did not work enough for them. As to my petition for going up to *Mont Royal*, to see my children and neighbors, it was denied; as my former desire of coming up to the city before Capt. *Livingston's* coming, was. God granted me favor as to two of my petitions; but yet brought me by his grace to be willing, that he should

glorify himself in disposing of me and mine as he pleased, and knew to be most for his glory. And almost always before any remarkable favor, I was brought to lye down at the foot of God, and made to be willing that God should govern the world, so as might be most for his own honor, and brought to resign all to his holy sovereignty. A frame of spirit when wrought in me by the grace of God, giving the greatest content and satisfaction; and very often a forerunner of the mercy asked of God, or a plain demonstration, that the not obtaining my request was best for me. I had no small refreshing, in having one of my children with me for four months. And the English were many of them strengthened with hopes that the treaties betwixt the goverments would issue in opening a door of escape for all.

In *August*, Mr. *Dudley* and Capt. *Vetch* arrived, and great encouragements were given as to an exchange of all in the spring of the year; and some few again were sent home; amongst whom I obtained leave to send my son *Stephen*.

At Quebec.

Upon Mr. *Dudley's* and Capt. *Vetch's* petitioning, I was again permitted to go up to *Quebec*; but disputing with a Mendicant Fryar, who said, he was an Englishman sent

from *France*, to endeavor the conversion of the English at *Quebec*; who arrived at *Canada* whilst our gentlemen were there: I was by the Priests means ordered again to return to *Chateauviche*; and no other reason given, but because I discoursed with that Priest, and their fear I should prevent his success among the captives. But God shewed his dislike of such a persecuting spirit; for the very next day, which was *September* 20th, O. S. *October* 1st, N. S. the Seminary, a very famous building, was most of it burnt down, occasioned by a joiner's letting a coal of fire drop down among the shavings. The Chappel in the Priests garden, and the Great Cross were burnt up: This Seminary and another Library had been burnt but about three years before. The day after my being sent away by the Priests means from *Quebec* at first, there was a thunder storm, and the lightning struck the Seminary in the very place where the fire now began.

At Chateauviche.

A little before Mr. *Dudley's* arrival, came a Soldier into my Landlord's house barefoot and barelegged, going on a pilgrimage to *Saint Anne*. For said he, my Captain, who died some years ago, appeared to me, and told me, he was in purgatory; and told me I must go a pilgrimage to Saint *Anne*, doing

penance, and get a mass said for him, and then he should be delivered. And many believed it, and were much affected with it; came and told me of it, to gain my credit of their devised purgatory: The Soldier told me, the Priests had counselled him to undertake this pilgrimage. And I am apt to think, ordered his calling in at my Landlord's, that I might see and speak with him. I laughed at the conceit, that a Soldier must be pitched upon to be sent on this errand; but they were much displeased and lamented my obstinacy, in that I would not be reclaimed from a denial of purgatory, by such a miraculous providence.

As I was able, I spread the case before God beseeching him to disappoint them of their expectations to proselyte any of the captives by this stratagem; and by the goodness of God, it was not very serviceable: For the soldier's conversation was such, that several among the French themselves judged it to be a forgery. And though the Captain spoken of was the Governor's lady's brother, I never more heard any concernment or care to get him out of purgatory.

One of the parish where I lived, told me, that on the 22d of July 1705, he was at *Quebec*, at the Mendicant Fryars church, on one of their feast days, in honor of a great Saint of their order, and that at five o'clock mass in the morning, near two hundred persons

present, a great grey cat broke or pushed aside some glass, entered into the church, and passed along near the altar, and put out five or six candles, that were burning; and that no one could tell which way the cat went out: And he thought it was the Devil.

AT QUEBEC.

When I was in the city in September, I saw two English maids who had lived with the Indians a long time. They told me, that an Indian had died at the place where they were, and that when sundry of his relations were together, in order to his funeral, the dead arose, and informed them, that at his death he went to hell, and there he saw all the Indians that had been dead since their embracing the Popish religion; and warned them to leave it off, or they would be damned too; and laid down dead again. They said the Indians were frighted, and very melancholy; but the Jesuits, to whom they told this, told them, it was only a delusion of the devil, to draw them away from the true religion; adding, that he knew for certain, that all those Indians who had been dead, spoken of by that Indian, were in heaven, only one Squaw was gone to hell, who died without baptism. These maids said also, that many of the Indians much lamented their making war against the English, at the instigation of the French.

AT CHATEAUVICHE.

The Priests, after Mr. *Dudley's* going from *Canada*, were ready to think their time was short for gaining English proselytes, and doubled their diligence and wiles, to gain over persons to their persuasion. I improved all opportunities I could to write to the English, that in that way I might be serviceable to them. But many or most of my letters treating about religion, were intercepted, and burnt. I had a letter sent down to me by order of the Governor, that I had a liberty of writing to my children and friends, which should be continued; provided I wrote about indifferent things, and said nothing in them about the points in controversy between them and us: And if I were so hardy as to write letters otherwise, they should endeavor to prevent their being delivered. Accordingly, I found many of them were burnt. But sometimes notice would be given to the English, that there were letters written, but that they were burnt; so that their writing was somewhat useful, though never perused by the English, because they judged those letters condemned Popery. Many of our letters written from *New England*, were never delivered, because of some expressions about religion in them. And as I said before, after Mr. *Dudley's* departure from *Quebec*, endeav-

ors were very vigorous to seduce. Some were flattered with large promises, others were threatened and beaten, because they would not turn. And when two English women, who had always opposed their religion were sick in the hospital, they kept with them night and day, till they died; and their friends kept from coming to visit them; after their death, they gave out, that they died in the Romish faith, and were received into their communion. Before their death, masses were said for them; and they buried in the church yard, with all their ceremonies. And after this, letters were sent into all parts to inform the English, that these two women turned to their religion, before their death, and that it concerned them to follow their example; for they could not be more obstinate than those women were in their health, against the Romish faith, and yet on a death bed embraced it. They told the English who lived near, that our religion was a dangerous religion to die in. But I shall hereafter relate the just grounds we have to think these things were falshoods.

I was informed, there was an English girl bid to take and wear the cross, and cross herself: She refused; they threatened her, and shewed her the cross. At length she had her choice, either to cross herself, and take the cross, or be whipt, she chose to be whipt;

and they took up her cloaths, and made as though they would correct her; but seeing her choosing indeed to suffer rather than comply, they desisted, and tied the cross about her neck. Some were taken and shut up among the religious, and all sorts of means used to gain them.

I received a letter from one of my neighbors, wherein he thus bewails. "*I obtained leave of my master, to go to the Macqua fort to see my children, that I had not seen for a long time. I carried a letter from my master, to shew that I had leave to come. When I came to the fort, I heard one of my children was in the woods. I went to see a boy I had there, who lived with one of the Jesuits; I had just asked him of his welfare; he said his master would come presently, he durst not stay to speak with me now, being in such awe of his master. On which I withdrew, and when his master came in, I went and asked leave of him to speak with my child, and shewed him my letter. But he absolutely refused to let me see or speak with him; and said, I had brought no letter from the Governor, and would not permit me to stay in the fort, though I had travelled on foot near fifty miles for no other errand than to speak with my children.*"

The same person, with another Englishman, last spring, obtained leave of the Governor General, to go to the same fort on the same errand, and carried letters from the Governor to the Jesuits, that he might be per-

mitted to speak with his children. The letter was delivered to the Jesuits; who told him, his son was not at home, but gone a hunting. When as he was hid from them, as he heard afterwards, so the poor man lost his labor a second time. These men say, that when they returned to *Mont Royal*, one Laland, who was appointed as a spy, always to observe the motions of the English, told them, that one of the Jesuits had come in before them, and had told the Governor that the lad was gone a hunting; and that the Englishman who accompanined this poor man, went out into the woods in hope of finding the lad, and saw him, but the lad run away, and that he followed him and called after him, but he would not stop; but holding out a gun threatened to shoot him down, if he followed him, and so he was discouraged, and turned back. And says Laland, you will never leave going to see your children and neighbors, till some of you are killed. But the men told him, it was an absolute lie, let who would report it; for they had neither seen the lad nor did they go into the woods to search after him. They Judge this was told to the Governor, to prevent any English for the future going to see their children and neighbors. Some of ours say, they have been little better than promised, to have their children who are among the savages, in case they themselves would em-

brace Popery. And that the Priests had said, they had rather the children should be among the Indians, as they were, than to be brought out by the French, and so be in readiness to return for *New England*.

A maid of our town was put into a religious house among the nuns, for more than two years, and all sorts of means by flatteries, threatenings, and abusive carriages used to bring her to turn. They offered her money, which when refused, especially the latter part of the time, they threatened her very much; sent for her before them, commanded her to cross herself. She refused; they hit her a box on the ear; bid her again; still she refused. They ordered a rod with six branches full of knots to be brought; and when she refused, they struck her on her hands, with their renewing their commands; and she stood to her refusals till her hands were filled with wales with the blows. But one said, beat her no more; we will give her to the Indians if she will not turn. They pinched her arms till they were black and blue; and made her go into their church; and because she would not cross herself, struck her several blows with their hands on her face. A Squaw was brought in and said, she was sent in to fetch her to the Indians; but she refused: The Squaw went away, and said, she would bring her husband with her tomorrow, and she should be carried away by force. She

told me she remembered what I told her one day, after the nuns had threatened to give her a way to the Indians; that they only said so to affright her; that they never would give her away. The nuns told her, she should not be permitted any more to speak to the English; and that they would afflict her without giving her any rest, if she refused: But God preserved her from falling. This poor girl had many prayers going up to heaven for her daily, and by name, because her trials were more known to the English than the trials of others who lived more remote from them.

Here might be an history by itself of the trials and sufferings of many of our children and young ones, who have been abused, and after separation from grown persons, made to do as they would have them.

I shall here give an account of what was done to one of my children, a boy between fifteen and sixteen years of age, two hundred miles distant from me; which occasioned grief and sorrow that I want words to utter; and yet kept under such awe, that he never durst write any thing to me for fear of being discovered in writing about religion. They threatened to put him to the Indians again, if he would not turn; telling him, he was never bought out of their hands, but only sojourned with them, but if he would turn, he should never be put into their hands any

more. The Priests would spend whole days in urging him. He was sent to school to learn to read and write French; the schoolmaster sometimes flattered him with promises, if he would cross himself, then threatened him if he would not. But when he saw flattering promises of rewards, and threatenings were ineffectual, he struck him with a stick he had in his hand; and when he saw that would not do, he make him get down on his knees about an hour, and then came and bid him make the sign of the cross, and that without any delay; he still refused. Then he gave him a couple of strokes with a whip he had in his hand; which whip had three branches, and about twelve great knots tied to it; and again bid him make the sign of the cross; and if it was any sin, he would bear it himself: And said also, you are afraid you shall be changed if you do it; but (said he) you will be the same, your fingers will not be changed. And after he had made him shed many tears under his abuses and threatnings, he told him, he would have it done: And so through cowardise and fear of the whip he made the sign. And did so for several days together, and with much ado he was brought to cross himself. And then the master told him, he would have it done without his particular biding him. And when he came to say his lesson and crossed not himself, the master said, have you forgot

what I bid you do? No sir, said he. Then the school master said, down on your knees; and so kept him for an hour and a half, till school was done; and so did for about a week. When he saw this would not do, he took the whip. What! will you not do it? (said he) I will make you; and so again frighted him to a compliance. After this commanded him to go to the church: When he refused, he told him he would make him. And one morning sent four of the biggest boys of the school to draw him by force to mass. These with other severities and witty stratagems were used; and I utterly ignorant of any attempt made upon him, to bring him to change his religion. His fear was such, that he never durst write any of these things, lest his letters should fall into their hands, and he should again be delivered to the Indians. Hearing of an opportunity of writing to him by one of the parish where I was, going up to *Mont Royal*, I wrote a letter to him, and had by him a letter from my son, which I shall here insert.

HONORED FATHER,

I Have received your letter bearing date January 11th, 1705-6, for which I give you many thanks, with my duty, and my brothers. I am sorry you have not received all the letters I have writ to you; as I have not received all yours. According to your good

counsel, I do almost every day read something of the Bible, and so strengthen my faith. As to the captives newly brought, *Lancaster* is the place of two of them, and *Marlborough* that of the third; the Governor of *Mont Royal* has them all three. There is other news that will seem more strange to you; that two English women, who in their life time were dreadfully set against the Catholic religion, did on their death bed embrace it. The one *Abigail Turbet*, the other of them *Esther Jones*, both of them known to you. *Abigail Turbet* sent for Mr. *Meriel* the Sabbath before she died. Said (many a time upon several following days) that she committed her soul into his hands, and was ready to do whatever he pleased. She desired him to go to the Chappel St. *Anne*, and there to say a holy mass for her, that she might have her sins pardoned, and the will of the Lord accomplished upon her. Her cousin Mrs. *Badston*, now *Stilson*, asked her, whether she should be willing to do as she said? she answered, yes. And upon the Tuesday she was taken into the Catholic church in the presence of *John Laland*, and Madam *Grizalem*, an English woman, and Mrs. *Stilson*, also with many French people besides. She was anointed with oil on the same day; according to her will then. Upon the Wednesday an image of Christ crucified, was brought to her; she caused it to be set up o-

ver against her at the curtains of her bed, and looked continually upon the same; and also a little crucifix brought unto her; she took it, and kissed it, and laid it upon her stomach. She did also make the sign of the cross upon herself, when she took any meat or drink. She promised to God, that if she should recover, she would go to the mass every day: She having on her hand a crucifix, saying, Oh my Lord, that I should have known thee so late! She did also make a ayer to the Virgin *Mary*, the two last days of the week. She could utter no word, but by kissing the crucifix, endeavoring the crossing herself, she gave an evidence of her faith. She died Saturday the 24th of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The next day the Priest did commend the woman's soul to the prayers of the congregation in the mass: In the afternoon she was honorably buried in the church yard next to the church, close to the body of the Justice Peace's wife; all the people being present at her funeral. The same day in the evening Mr. *Meriel* with an English woman, went to *Esther Jones*; she did at first disdain, but a little after she confessed there were seven sacraments, Christ's body present, the sacrament of the mass, the inequality of power among the pastors of the church; and being returned to wait by her all night long, he read and expounded to her some part of the

Catholic confession of faith to her satisfaction. About midnight he asked her, whether she might not confess her sins? I doubt not but I may, said she. And two hours after, she made unto him fervent confession of all the sins of her whole life. When he said, he was to offer Christ to his Father for her; she liked it very well. The superior of the nuns being come in to see her, she now desired that she might receive Christ's body before she died. She did also show Mrs. *Stilson* a great mind to receive the sacrament of Extreme unction; and said, that if ever she should recover and get home, she would have reproached the Ministers for their neglecting that sacrament, so plainly commanded by St. *James*. In the afternoon, after she had begged pardon for her wavering, and the Catholic Confession of Faith was read aloud to her in the hearing of Mr. *Craston*, Mrs. *Stilson*, and another English woman, and she owned the same; about seven o'clock the same day, she said to Mr. *Dubison*, Shall not they give me the holy communion? But her tongue was then so thick that she could hardly swallow any thing. She was then anointed with holy oil: But before, she said to Mr. *Meriel*, why have you not yet, Sir, forgiven my sins? In the night following, that Priest and Mr. *Dubison* were continually by her; and sometimes praying to God in her name, and praying to the Vir-

gin *Mary*, and other Saints. She said also, I believe all: I am very glad Christ was offered to his Father for me. Six or seven hours before she died, a Crucifix was shewed to her by Mr. *Dubison*; she took it and laid it upon her heart, and kissed it; and then the nuns hanged it with a pair of beads upon her neck. A little before she died, Mr. *Dubison* asked her to pray for him in heaven; she promised him: So she gave up the gost, at ten of the oclock the 27th of November, whilst the high Mass was saying; she was soon commended to the prayers. On the fourth day of the week following was buried, after the Mass had been said for her: she was laid by *Abigal Turbet*.

Jan. 23d, 1703-6.

I have here transcribed the letter in the very words of it, without the least alteration: the same for substance was sent to several other captives. When I had this letter I presently knew it to be *Meriel's* composing; but the messenger who brought the letter, brought word that my son had embraced their religion. Afterwards when some blamed him for letting me know of it, because (they said) they feared my sorrow would shorten my days; he told me, he thought with himself, that if he was in my case, he should be willing to know the worst, and therefore told me, as he would have desired to have known if in my place. I thanked

him, acknowledging it a favor to let me know of it: But the news was ready to overwhelm me with grief and sorrow. I made my complaint to God, and mourned before him; sorrow and anguish took hold upon me. I asked of God to direct me what to do, and how to write, and find an opportunity of conveying a letter to him; and committed this difficulty to his providence. I now found a greater opposition to a patient, quiet, humble resignation to the will of God, than I should otherwise have known, if not so tried. Here I thought of my afflictions and trials; my wife and two children killed, and many of my neighbors; and myself, and so many of my children and friends in a Popish captivity, separated from our children, not capable to come to them to instruct them in the way they ought to go; and cunning crafty enemies, using all their subtilty to insinuate into young ones, such principles as would be pernicious. I thought with myself how happy many others were in that they had their children with them, under all advantages to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; whilst we were separated one from another, and our children in great peril of embracing damnable doctrines. Oh! that all parents who read this history, would bless God for the advantages they have of educating their children, and faithfully improve it!—I mourned when I

thought with myself, that I had one child with the Macquas, a second turned to Popery, and a little child of six years of age, in danger from a child to be instructed in Popery; and knew full well, that all endeavors would be used to prevent my seeing or speaking with them. But in the midst of all these, God gave me a secret hope, that he would magnify his power and free grace, and disappoint all their crafty designs. *When I looked on the right hand, and on the left, all refuge failed, and none shewed any care for my soul.* But God brought that word to uphold me; *Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think.* As also that, *Is any thing too hard for God?* I prayed to God to direct me; and wrote very short the first time, and in general terms, fearing lest if I should write about things in controversy, my letter would not come to him. I therefore addressed him with the following letter.

Son Samuel,

YOUR's of January 23d, I received, and with it had the tidings that you had made an abjuration of the Protestant faith for the Romish; news that I heard with the most distressing, afflicting, sorrowful spirit, that ever I heard any news. Oh! I pity you. I mourn over you day and night!—Oh! I pity your weakness, that through the crafti-

ness of man, you are turned from the simplicity of the gospel! I persuade myself you have done it through ignorance. Oh! why have you neglected to ask a father's advice in an affair of so great importance as the change of religion; God knows that the catechism in which I instructed you, is according to the word of God; and so will be found in the day of judgment. Oh! consider and bethink yourself what you have done! And whether you ask me or not, my poor child, I cannot but pray for you, that you may be recovered out of the snare you are taken in. Read the Bible; pray in secret; make Christ's righteousness your only plea before God, for justification; beware of all immorality, and of profaning God's Sabbaths. Let a father's advice be asked for the future, in all things of weight and moment. *What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?* I desire to be humbled under the mighty hand of God thus afflicting me: I would not do as you have done for ten thousand worlds. My heart akes within me, but I will yet wait upon the Lord; to him will I commit your case day and night: He can perform all things for me and mine; and can yet again recover you from your fall. He is a *God forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin: To the Lord our God belong forgivenesses, though we have rebelled.*

I charge you not to be instrumental to ensnare your poor brother Warham, or any other, and so add sin to sin. Accept of my love, and do not forsake a father's advice, who above all things desires that your soul may be saved in the day of the Lord.

WHAT I mournfully wrote, I followed with my poor cries to God in heaven to make effectual, to cause in him a consideration of what he had done. God saw what a proud heart I had and what need I had to be answered out of the whirlwind, that I might be humbled before him. Not having any answer to my letter for some weeks, I wrote the following letter, as I was enabled of God and sent to him by a faithful hand; which by the blessing of God, was made effectual for his good, and the good of others, who had fallen to Popery; and for the establishing and strengthening others to resist the essays of the adversary to truth. God brought good out of evil, and made what was designed to promote their interest, an occasion of shame to them.

SON SAMUEL,

I Have waited till now for an answer from you, hoping to hear from you, why you made an abjuration of the Protestant faith, for the Romish. But since you continue to neglect to write to me about it, as you neglected to take any advice or counsel from a

father, when you did it; I cannot forbear writing again, and making some reflections on the letter you wrote me last, about the two women. It seems to me, from those words of *Abigail Turbet's* in your letter, or rather of Mr. *Meriel's* which you transcribed for him—"*Abigail Turbet sent for* Mr. *Meriel, she committed her soul into his hand, and was ready to do whatsoever he pleased*"—I say, it seems rational to believe, that she had not the use of her reason; it is an expression to be abhorred by all who have any true sense of religion. Was Mr. *Meriel* a God, a Christ? Could he bear to hear such words and not reject them; replying, "Do not commit your soul into my hands, but see that you commit your soul into the hands of God through Christ Jesus, and do whatever God commands you in his holy word: as for me, I am a creature, and cannot save your soul, but will tell you of *Acts* 4. 12, *Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*" Had he been a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, he woud have said, 'tis an honor due to Christ alone. The holy Apostle says, *Now unto him that is able to keep you, and present you faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen*, Jude 24, 25, verses. As to what you

write about praying to the Virgin *Mary*, and other Saints, I make this reply; Had Mr. *Meriel* done his duty, he should have said to them as, 1 *Job.* 2. 1, 2. *If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father*, Jesus Christ *the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins.* The scriptures say, *There is one God, and one Mediator between God and Man, the Man* Christ Jesus. Yea, Christ said, Go and preach, *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.* The Apostle in Gal. 1. 8. saith, *But though we or an angel from Heaven preach any other gospel to you, than that we have preached to you let him be accursed.* They never preached praying to the Virgin *Mary*, or other Saints. As you would be saved, hear what the Apostle saith, Heb. 4, 13, &c. *Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. Seeing then that we have a great High Priest that is entered into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession; for we have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin; let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.* Which words do hold forth, how that Christ Jesus is in every respect qualified to be a mediator and intercessor; and I am sure they cannot be

applied to any mere creature to make them capable of our religious trust. When Roman Catholics have said all they can, they are not able to prove that the Saints in heaven have a knowledge of what prayers are directed to them. Some say they know them one way, others say they have the knowledge of them another way : And that which they have fixed upon as most probable to them, is that they know of them from their beholding the face of God ; seeing God they know these prayers. But this is a great mistake. Though the Saints see and know God in a glorious manner, yet they have not an infinite knowledge ; and it does no ways follow, that because they see God, they know all prayers that are directed to them upon the earth. And God has no where in his word told us, that the saints have such a knowledge. Besides, were it a thing possible for them to have a knowledge of what prayers are directed to them, it does not follow that they are to be prayed to, or have religious homage confered upon them. The Romanists can neither give one scripture precept or example for praying to them : But God has provided a Mediator, who knows all our petitions, and is faithful and merciful enough ; and we have both scripture, precept and example to look to him as our mediator and advocate with the Father. Further, it cannot be proved that it is consistent with the

Saints being creatures, as well as with their happiness, to have a knowledge of prayers from all parts of the world at the same time, from many millions together, about things so vastly differing one from another; and then to present those supplications for all that look to them, is not humility, but willworship. Col. 2. 18. *Let no man beguile you of your reward, in a voluntary humility, worshiping of angels.* ver. 23. *Which things indeed have a shew of wisdom, and willworship, and humility.* For what humility can it be to disturb the way that God has provided and encouraged us to come to him in, and impose upon God a way of our own devising? Was not God angry with *Jeroboam*, for imposing upon him after such a sort? 1 Kings 12. 33. *So he offered upon the altar which he had made in Bethel, the fifth day of the eighth month, which he devised of his own heart.* Therefore Christ saith, Mark 7. 7. *Howbeit, in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.* Before the coming of Christ, and his entering into heaven as an intercessor; (Heb. 7. 25. *Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them*) I say, before Christ's entering into heaven as an intercessor, not one word of any prayer to Saints: What reason can be given that now there is, of so many Saints to make intercession; when Christ as a Priest

entered into heaven to make intercession for us? The answer the Romanists give is a very fable and falshood; namely, that there were no Saints in heaven, till after the ascension of Christ, but were reserved in a place called *Limbus Patrum*, and so had not the beatifical vision. See Gen. 5. 24. *Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him.* If he was not taken into heaven, what can be the sense of those words, *For God took him*? Again 2 Kings 2. 1. When the Lord would takeu p *Elijah* into heaven by a whirlwind, ver 11. *There appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.* Must the truth of the scripture be called in question to uphold their notions? Besides, it is not consistent with reason to suppose that *Enoch* and *Elias* instead of having a peculiar privilege vouchsafed to them, for their eminency in holiness, should be less happy for so long a time than the rest of the saints deceased, who are glorified in heaven; which must be, if they are yet kept and must be till the day of judgment out of heaven, and the beatifical vision, in an earthly Paradise, according to some of the Romanists; or in some other place they know not where, according to others. Religious worship is not to be given to the creature, Mat. 4, 9, 10 and saith, *All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.* Then saith Jesus to him, *Get*

thee hence Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve, That phrase, *And him only shalt thou serve*, excludes all creatures. Rev. 22. 8, 9. *I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel, which shewed me these things; then saith he to me, see thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book—worship God.* Which plainly shews, that God only is to be worshiped with a religious worship. None can think that Saint *John* intended to give the highest divine worship to the Angel, who saith, do not fall down and worship me; it is God's due, *Worship God.* So Acts 10. 25, 26. *As Peter was coming in Cornelius met him and fell down at his feet and worshiped him; but Peter took him up, saying, stand up, I myself am a man.* See also Lev. 19. 10. The words of the second commandment (which the Romanists either leave out, or add to the first commandment, saying, *Thou shalt have no other Gods before me*, adding *&c.*) I say, the words of the second commandment are, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God*, &c. These words being inserted in the letter that came from your

brother *Eleazer* in *New England* the last summer, was the cause of the letter's being sent down from *Mont Royal*, and not given to you, when so near you; as I suppose, there being no other clause of the letter that could be objected against; and the reason why found at *Quebec*, when I sent it to you a second time enclosed in a letter written by myself. The brazen Serpent made by divine appointment as a type of Christ, when abused to superstition, has by reforming *Hezekiah* broken in pieces. As to what the Romanists plead about the lawfulness of image and Saint worship, from those likenesses of things made in Solomon's temple, it is nothing to the purpose. We do not say it is unlawful to make or have a picture, but those carved images were not in the temple to be adored, bowed down to, or worshiped. There is no manner of consequence, that because there were images made in Solomon's temple that were not adored and worshiped, that therefore it is now lawful to make and fall down before images, and pray to them, and so worship them. Religious worshiping of Saints cannot be defended from, but is forbidden in the scriptures; and for fear of losing their disciples, the Romanists keep away from them the Bible, and oblige them to believe as they say they must believe. As though there was no use to be made of our reason above our souls; and

yet the *Bereans* were counted *noble* for searching the scriptures to see whether the things preached by St. *Paul* were so or no. They dare not allow you liberty to speak with your father, or others, for fear their errors should be discovered to you.

Again, you write that "Esther Jones confessed that there was an inequality of power among the pastors of the church." An argument to convince the world, that because the Priests in fallacious ways, caused a woman distempered with a very high fever, if not distracted, to say, she confessed there was an inequality of power among the pastors of the church, therefore all the world are obliged to believe that there is a Pope; an argument to be sent from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, every where, where any English captives are, to gain their belief of a Pope. Can any rational man think, that Christ in the seventeenth chapter of *Mathew*, gave St. *Peter* such a power as the Papists speak of; or that the disciples so understood Christ? when immediately there arose a dispute among them, Who should be the *greatest in the kingdom of heaven?* Mat. 18. 1. *At the same time came the disciples of Jesus saying, who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?* The *Rock* spoken of in the seventeenth of *Matthew*, was not the *person* of *Peter*, but the *confession* made by him; and the same power is given to all the Disciples, if you compare one scripture with

another; not one word in any place of scripture of such a vicarship power as a Pope, nor any solid foundation of proof that *Peter* had a greater authority than the rest of the Apostles. 1 Cor. 4. 6. *That you might learn in us, not to think of men above that which is written.* Yea, the Apostle condemns them, 1 Cor. 1. 12. for their contentions, *One saying, I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, and I of Cephas;* no more of *Peter's* being a foundation than any of the rest. *For we are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.* Not one word in any of *Peter's* epistles showing that he had a greater power than the other Apostles. Nay, if the scriptures give any preference it is to Saint *Paul* rather than Saint *Peter.* 1 Cor. 3. 10. *According to the grace of God which is given to me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation.* 1 Cor. 5. 3. 4. *For I verily as absent in body but present in spirit, have judged already as though I were present, concerning him that hath so done this deed: In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when we are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Chrits &c.* 1 Cor. 7. 1. *Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote to me*; application made not to St. *Peter* but *Paul*, for the decision of a controversy of scripture. 1 Cor. 11. 2. *Now I praise you, brethren, that you remember me in all things, and keep the ordinance as I delivered them to you.* Either those spoken of Acts 15.

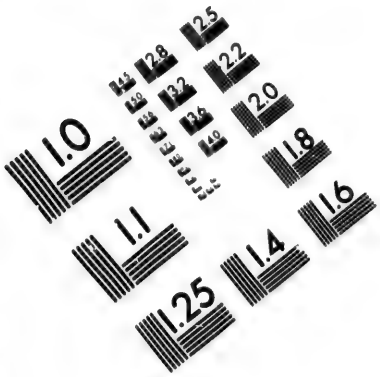
or in his ministry and epistles, 2 Cor. 2. 10. *for your sake forgave I it, in the person of Christ.* 2 Cor. 11. 28. *That which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the Churches.* 2 Cor. 12. 11, 12. *For in nothing am I behind the very chiefest of the Apostles, though I be nothing: Truly the signs of an Apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs and wonders and mighty deeds;* and in other places. Again, if you consult Acts 15, where you have an account of the first Synod or Council, you will find that the counsel or sentence of the Apostle *James* is followed, verse 19. Wherefore my sentence is, &c. not a word that St. *Peter* was chief. Again, you find *Peter* himself sent forth by the other Apostles; Acts 8. 14. *The Apostles sent unto them Peter and John.* When the church of the Jews found fault with *Peter* for going into the Gentiles when he went to *Cornelius*, he does not say, why do you question me, or call me to an account? I am Christ's Vicar on earth. When *Paul* reproved *Peter*, *Gal.* 2. he does not defend himself by mentioning an infallibility in himself as Christ's Vicar, or reprove *Paul* for his boldness.

The Roman Catholic Church can not be a true church of Christ, in that it makes laws directly contrary to the commands of Christ. As for example, in withholding the wine or the cup from the laity, in the Lord's supper; when as Christ commands the same to drink who were to eat. Their evasion that the

blood is in the body, and so they partake of both in eating, is a great fallacy built on a false foundation of Transubstantiation. For when men eat, they cannot be said to drink, which Christ commands; for Christ commands that we take up the cup and drink, which is not done in eating; besides the Priests themselves will not be so put off. The words, *This is my body*, do only intend, this doth signify or represent my body; which will appear if you compare scripture with scripture; for after the consecration, the Holy Ghost calls it bread, and the fruit of the vine. Exod. 12. 11. *It is the Lord's passover*; that is, it represents it. In all the Evangelists, you read of killing and eating the passover, a few lines or verses before these words, *This is my body*; which plainly show, that our Savior in the same way of figurative expression speaks of the gospel sacrament. If these words were taken as the Romanists expounded them, he must eat his own body himself, whole and entire in his own hands; and after that each one of the disciples eat him entire, and yet he sit at the table whole, untouched at the same time; contradictions impossible to be defended by any rational arguments. Yea, his whole body must be now in heaven, and in a thousand other places, and in the mouth of every communicant at the same time, and that both as a broken and unbroken sacrifice, and

be subject to putrefaction. Christ is said to be a door, a true vine, a way, a Rock. What work shall we make, if we expound these in a litteral manner; as the Romanists do, when they say, *This is my body*, is meant of the real body of Christ in the Eucharist? It is said 1 Cor. 10. 4. *And did all drink of the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.* Was Christ literally a Rock, think you? Yea it is absurd to believe, that a Priest uttering a few words over a wafer not above an inch square, can make it a God, or the body of Christ entire as it was offered on the cross. A blasphemy, to pretend to a power of making God at their pleasure; and then eat him, and give him to others to be eaten or shut him up in their altars; that they can utter the same words, and make a God or not make a God, according to their intention; and that the people are obliged to believe that it is God, and so adore it, when they never heard any word of consecration, nor know the Priest's intention.

As to what you write about the Holy Mass, I reply, it is wholly an human invention; not a word of such a sacrifice in the whole bible; it is being a sacrifice propitiatory daily to be offered, is contrary to the holy scriptures. Heb. 7. 27. *Who needeth not daily, as these high priests, to offer up sacrifice first for his own sins, and then for the peoples;*



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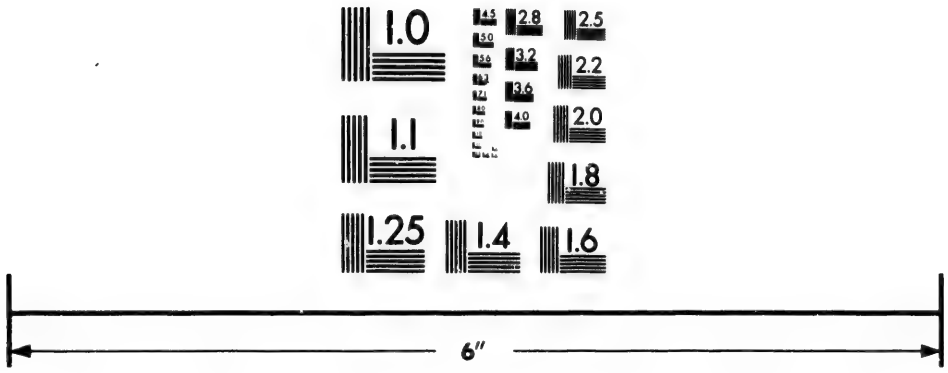

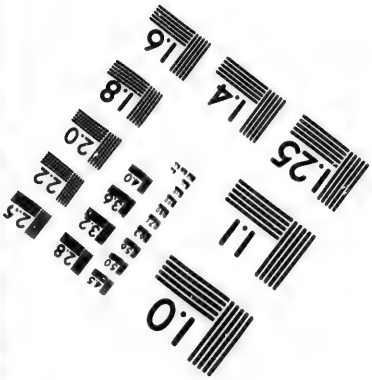

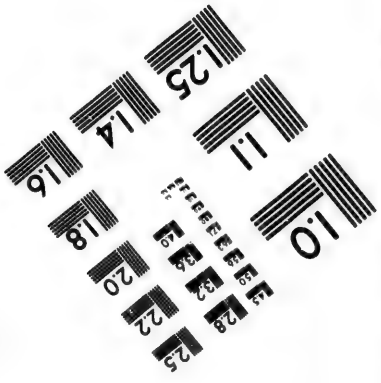

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for this he did once, when he offered up himself. And yet the Romanists say, there is need that he be offered up as a sacrifice to God every day. Heb. 9. 12. *By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.* 25, 26, 27, 28. *Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place, every year with the blood of others: For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world. But now once in the end of the world, hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.* Heb. 10. 10. *By which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.* Verse 12. *But this man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, forever sat down on the right hand of God,* Verse 14. *For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.* By which scriptures you may see that the Mass is not of divine appointment, but an human invention. Their evasion of a bloody and unbloody sacrifice, is a flam; the holy scriptures speak not one word, of Christ being offered as a sacrifice propitiatory, after such a sort as they call an unbloody sacrifice. All the ceremonies of the Mass are human inventions, that God never commanded.

As to what is in the letter about praying for the women after their death is very ridic-

ulous. For, as a tree falls, so it lies; as death leaves, judgment will find: No change after death from an afflicted to an happy place and state. Purgatory is a fancy, for the enriching the clergy, and impoverishing the laity. The notion of it a fatal snare to many souls, who sin with hopes of easy getting priestly absolutions at death, and buying off torments with their money. The soul at death goes immediately to judgment, and so to heaven or hell. No authentic place of scripture mentions so much as one word of any such place or state. Mr. *Meriel* told me, "If I found one error in our religion, it was enough to cause me to disown our whole religion." By his argument you may see what reason you have to avoid that religion that is so full of errors.

Bethink yourself, and consult the scriptures, if you can get them, (I mean the Bible) Can you think their religion is right, when they are afraid to let you have an English Bible? or to speak with your father, or other of your Christian neighbors, for fear they would give you such convictions of truth, that they cannot remove? Can that religion be true, that cannot bear an examination from the scriptures, that are a perfect rule in matters of faith? or that must be upheld by ignorance, especially ignorance of the holy scriptures?

These things have I written as in my heart I believe. I long for your recovery, and will not cease to pray for it. I am now a man of a sorrowful spirit, and look upon your fall as the most aggravating circumstance of my afflictions; and am persuaded that no pains will be wanting, to prevent me from seeing or speaking with you; but I know that God's grace is all sufficient: He is able to do abundantly above what I can ask or think. Do not give way to discouragement as to your return to *New England:* Read over what I have written, and keep it with you, if you can; you have no friend on earth that wisheth your eternal salvation more heartily than your father. I long to see and speak with you, but I never forget you; my love to you, and to your brother and sister, and to all our fellow prisoners. Let me hear from you as often as you can. I hope God will appear for us before it be long.

There are a great many other things in the letter, that deserve to be refuted, but I shall be too tedious in remarking them all at once. Yet would not pass over that passage in the letter, that Esther Jones confessed that there were Seven Sacraments. To which I answer, that some of the most learned of the Romish religion confessed, (without the distracting pains of a violent fever) and left it on record in print, that it cannot be convincingly made out from scripture, that there are seven sac-

raments; and that their most incontestable proof is from tradition, and by their traditions they might have found seventeen as well as seven: Considering that four Popes successively spent their lives in purging and correcting old authors. But no men can out of the holy scriptures, prove any more than two sacraments of divine institution, under the New Testament, namely, Baptism and the Lord's supper. If you make the scriptures a perfect rule of faith, as you ought to do, you cannot believe as the Romish church believes. Oh! see that you sanctify the Lord himself in your heart, and make him your fear and your dread. Fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but rather fear him that has power to destroy both soul and body in hell fire. The Lord have mercy upon you, and shew you mercy for the worthiness and righteousness sake of Jesus Christ, our great and glorious Redeemer and advocate, who makes intercession for transgressors. My prayers are daily to God for you, your brother and sister, yea and for all my children and fellow prisoners. I am your afflicted and sorrowful father,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Chateauviche, March, 22, 1706.

GOD who is gloriously free and rich in his grace to vile sinners, was pleased to bless poor and weak means for the recovery of my

child so taken, and gave me to see, that he did not say to the house of Jacob, seek you me in vain. Oh! that every reader would in every difficulty make him their refuge; he is an hopeful stay. To alleviate my sorrow, I received the following letter in answer to mine.

Mont Royal, May 12, 1706.

HONORED FATHER,

I received your letter which you sent by——, which good letter I thank you for, and for the good counsel which you gave me; I desire to be thankful for it, and hope it will be for the good of my soul. I may say as in Psalms, *The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold on me: I found trouble and sorrow, then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul! Gracious is the Lord and righteous, yea our God is merciful.* As for what you ask me about making an abjuration of the Protestant faith for the Romish, I durst not write so plain as I would, but hope to see and discourse with you. I am sorry for the sin I have committed in changing religion, for which I am greatly to blame. You may know that Mr. *Meriel* the school master, and others, were continually at me about it; at last I gave over to it, for which I am very sorry. As for that letter you had from me,

it was a letter transcribed for Mr. *Meriel*; and for what he saith about *Abigail Turbet*, and *Esther Jones*, no body heard them but he, as I understand. I desire your prayers to God for me, to deliver me from my sins. Oh remember me in your prayers! I am your dutiful son, ready to take your counsel.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

THIS Priest Mr. *Meriel*, has brought many letters to him, and bid him write them over and send them, and so he has done for many others. By this, as also my Mrs. *Stilson's* saying, "She does not think that either of these women did change their religion before their death;" she affirms also, "that oftentimes during their sickness, whilst they had the use of their reason, they protested against the Romish religion and faith." It is evident that these women never died Papists, but that it was a wily stratagem of the Priests to advance their religion; for letters were sent immediately after their death, to use this as a persuasive argument to gain others. But God in his Providence gave in farther conviction of their fallaciousness in this matter.

For the last summer, one *Biggilow* of *Marlborough*, a captive at *Mont Royal*, was very sick in the hospital, and in the judgment of all, was a sickness to death. Then the Priests

and others gave out, that he was turned to be of their religion, and taken into their communion. But contrary to their expectation, he was brought back from the gates of death, and would comply with none of their rites; saying, that whilst he had the use of his reason, he never spake any thing in favor of their religion; and that he never disowned the Protestant faith, nor would he now. So that they were silenced and put to shame.

There is no reason to think that these two women were any more Papists than he; but they are dead and cannot speak. One of the witnesses spoken of in the forementioned letters, told me, she knew of no such thing; and said Mr. *Meriel* told her, that he never heard a more fervent and affectionate prayer, than one which *Esther Jones* made a little before her death. I am verily persuaded, that he calls that prayer to God, so full of affection and fervor, the confession made by her of the sins of her whole life. These two women always in their health, and so in their sickness, opposed all Popish principles; as all that knew them can testify, so long as they could be permited to go and speak with them. One of these women was taken from the *Eastward*, and the other, namely, *Esther Jones* from *Northampton*.

At Quebec.

In the beginning of March, 1706, Mr. *Shelden* came again to *Canada*, with letters from his Excellency our Governor, at which time I was a few days at *Quebec*. And when I was there, one night about ten o'clock, there was an Earthquake, that made a report like a cannon, and made the houses to tremble: It was heard and felt many leagues, all along the island of St. *Lawrence*, and other places. When Mr. *Shelden* came the second time, the adversaries did what they could to retard the time of our return, to gain time to seduce our young ones to Popery. Such were sent away who were ungainable, and most of the younger sort still kept. Some still flattered with promises of reward, and great essays to get others married among them. One debauched, and then in 24 hours of time published, taken into their communion and married; but the poor soul has had time since to lament her sin and folly, with a bitter cry; and asks your prayers, that God of his sovereign grace would yet bring her out of the horrible pit, she has thrown herself into. Her name was *Rachel Stores*, of *Wells*.

In April, one *Zebediah Williams*, of our town died; he was a very hopeful and pious young man, who carried himself so in

his captivity, as to edify several of the English, and recover one fallen to Popery, taken the last war; though some were enraged against him on these accounts; yet even the French where he sojourned, and with whom he conversed, would say he was a good man; one that was very prayerful to God, and studious and painful in reading the holy scriptures: A man of a good understanding, a desirable conversation: In the beginning of his last sickness he made me a visit (before he went to the hospital at *Quebec*) to my great satisfaction, and our mutual consolation and comfort in our captivity, as he had several times before, living not above two miles from me over the river, at the island of St. *Lawrence*, about six weeks or two months. After his death, the French told me *Zebediah* was gone to hell, and damned; for, said they, he has appeared since his death to one *Joseph Egerly*, (an Englishman, who was taken the last war,) in flaming fire, telling him, he was damned for refusing to embrace the Romish religion, when such pains were used to bring him to the true faith; and for being instrumental to draw him away from the Romish communion, forsaking the Mass; and was therefore now come to advertise him of his danger!—I told them I judged it to be a Popish lie; saying, I bless God, our religion needs no lies to uphold, maintain and establish it, as theirs did. But

they affirmed it to be true, telling me how God approved of their religion, and witnessed miraculously against ours. But I still told them, I was persuaded his soul was in heaven, and that their reports were only devised fables to seduce souls. For several weeks they affirmed it, telling me, that all who came over the river from the island affirmed it to be a truth. I begged of God to blast this hellish design of theirs, so that in the issue it might be to render their religion more abominable, and that they might not gain one soul by such a stratagem. After some weeks had passed in such assertions, there came one into my landlord's house, affirming it to be a truth reported of *Zebediah*; saying, *Joseph Egerly* had been over the river, and told one of our neighbors this story. After a few hours I saw that neighbor; and asked him, whether he had seen *Egerly* lately? He said, Yes.—What news told he you? None, said he. Then I told him what was affirmed as a truth. He answered, *Egerly* said nothing like this to him, and he was persuaded that he would have told him, if there had been any truth in it. About a week after came one *John Boult* from the island of St. *Lawrence*, a lad taken from *Newfoundland*, a very serious sober lad of about seventeen years of age; he had often before come over with *Zebediah* to visit me. At his coming in, he much lamented the loss of *Zebediah*;

and told me, that for several weeks they had told him the same story, affirming it to be a truth, and that *Egerly* was so awakened by it, as to go again to mass every day; urging him, since God in such a miraculous way offered such conviction of the truth of their religion, and the falshood and danger of ours, to come over to their religion, or else his damnation would be dreadfully aggravated. He said he could have no rest for them day and night; but (said he) I told them their religion was contrary to the word of God, and therefore I would not embrace it; and that I did not believe what they said. And says he to me, one day I was sitting in the house, and *Egerly* came in, and I spake to him before the whole family (in the French tongue, for he could not speak much English) and asked him of this story: he answered, it is a great falshood; saying, he never appeared to me, nor have I ever reported any such thing to any body; and that he had never been to the Mass since *Z[illegible]h's* death. At the hearing of which they were silenced and put to shame. We blessed God together for discovering their wickedness, and disappointing them in what they aimed at; and prayed God to deliver us and all the captives from delusions, and recover them who had fallen, and so parted. After which I took my pen and wrote a letter to one Mr. *Samuel Hill* an English cap-

tive, taken from *Wells*, who lived at *Quebec*. and his brother *Ebenezer Hill*, to make a discovery of this lying plot, and to warn them of their danger, and assure them of the falshood of this report; but the letter fell into the hands of the Priests, and was never delivered. This *Egerly* came home with us, so that they gained nothing but shame by their stratagem.—God often disappoints the crafty devices of wicked men.

In the latter end of summer, they told me, they had news from *New England*, by one who had been a captive at Boston, who said that the ministers at Boston had told the French captives, that the Protestant religion was the only true religion; and that as a confirmation of it, they would raise a dead person to life before their eyes, for their conviction; and that having persuaded one to feign himself dead, they came and prayed over him, and then commanded him in the name of Christ (whose religion they kept pure) to arise; they called and commanded, but he never arose; so that instead of raising the dead, they killed the living; which the bereaved relations discovered. I told them, it was an old lie and calumny against Luther and Calvin, new vamped, and that they only change the persons and place. But they affirm it to be a truth. I told them, I wondered they were so fond of a faith propagated, and then maintained by lying words.

We were always out of hopes of being returned before winter, the season proving so cold in the latter end of September, and were praying to God to prepare our hearts with an holy submission to his will, to glorify his holy name in a way of passive obedience, in the winter. For my own part, I was informed by several who came from the city, that the Lord intendant said, if *More* returned and brought word that *Battis* was in prison, he would put me in prison, and lay me in irons. They would not permit me to go into the city, saying, I always did harm when I came to the city. And if at any time I was at the city, they would persuade the Governor to send me back again.

In the beginning of last June, the superior of the Priests came to the parish where I was, and told me, he saw I wanted my friend Captain *de Beauville*, and that I was ragged. But says he, your obstinacy against our religion, discurages from providing better cloaths. I told him, it was better going in a ragged coat, than with a ragged conscience.

In the beginning of last June, went out an army of five hundred Macquas and Indians, with an intention to have fallen on some English towns down *Connecticut* river ; but lighting on a *Scatacook* Indian, who ran away in the night, they were discouraged ; saying, he would alarm the whole country. About

fifty, as some say, or eighty, as others, returned. Thus God restrained their wrath.

When they were promising themselves another winter, to draw away the English to Popery, came news of an English brigantine a coming; and that the honorable Captain Samuel Appleton, Esq. was coming ambassador to fetch off the captives, and Captain John Bonner, with him. I cannot tell you how the clergy and others, labored to stop many of the prisoners. To some liberty, to some money, and yearly pensions were offered, if they would stay. Some they urged to tarry at least till the spring of the year; telling them it was so late in the year, they would be lost by shipwreck, if they went now; some younger ones they told, if they went home they would be damned and burnt in hell forever, to affright them; day and night they were urging them to stay. And I was threatened to be sent aboard, without a permission to come ashore again, if I should again discourse with any of the English, who were turned to their religion. At *Mont Royal* especially all crafty endeavors were used to stay the English. They told my child, if he would stay, he should have an honorable pension from the King every year, and that his master, who was an old man, and the richest in Canada, would give him a great deal; telling him, if he returned he would be poor for (said they) your father is

poor, has lost all his estate, it was all burnt. But he would not be prevailed with to stay. And others were also in like manner urged to stay; but God graciously broke the snare, and brought them out. They endeavored in the fall of the year, to have prevailed with my son to have gone to France, when they saw he would not come to their communion any more. One woman belonging to the Eastern parts, who had by their persuasions, married an English captive taken the last war, came away with her husband; which made them say, they were sorry they ever persuaded her to turn to their religion, and then to marry; for instead of advancing their cause by it they had weakened it; for now they had not only lost her, but another they thought they had made sure of. Another woman belonging to the Eastward, who had been flattered to their religion, to whom a Bible was denied, till she promised to embrace their religion, and then had the promise of it for a little time; opened her Bible while in the church, and present at mass, she read the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, and received such conviction whilst reading, that before her first communion she fell off from them, and could never be prevailed with any more to be of their religion.

We have reason to bless God, who has wrought deliverance for so many; and yet pray to God for a door of escape to be open-

ed for the great number yet behind, not much short of an hundred; many of which are children, and of these not a few among the Savages, and having lost the English tongue, will be lost, and turn Savages in a little time, unless something extraordinary prevent.

The vessel that came for us, in its voyage to *Canada*, struck on a bar of sands, and there lay in a very great hazard for four tides; and yet they saw reason to bless God for striking there; for had they got over that bar, they should at midnight in a storm of snow have run upon a terrible ledge of rocks.

We came away from *Quebec*, October 25, and by contrary winds, and a great storm, we were retarded, and then driven back nigh the city, and had a great deliverance from shipwreck, the vessel striking twice on a rock in that storm. But through God's goodness we all arrived in safety at Boston, November 21; the number of captives fifty seven, two of which were my children. I have yet a daughter of ten years of age, and many neighbors, whose case bespeaks your compassion, and prayers to God, to gather them, being outcasts ready to perish.

At our arrival at Boston, we found the kindnesses of the Lord in a wonderful manner; in God's opening the hearts of many to bless God with us and for us; wonderfully to

give for our supplies in our needy state. We are under obligations to praise God, for disposing the hearts of so many to so great charity; and under great bonds to pray for a blessing on the heads, hearts and families of them who so liberally and plentifully gave for our relief. It is certain, that the charity of the whole country of *Canada*, though moved with the doctrine of merit, does not come up to the charity of *Boston* alone, where notions of merit are rejected; but acts of charity, performed out of a right Christian spirit, from a spirit of thankfulness to God, out of obedience to God's command, and unfeigned love and charity to them that are of the same family and houshold of faith. The Lord grant, that all who devise such liberal things, may find the accomplishment of the promises made by God in their own persons and theirs after them, from generation to generation.

Short account of the troubles arising in Canada.

I SHALL annex a short account of the troubles begginning to rise in *Canada*.—On *May* 16, arrived a canoe at *Quebec*, that brought letters from *Missisippi*, written the *May* preceding; giving an account that the plague was there, and that one hundred and fifty *French*, in a very little time had died of it; and that the savages called the Lezilouways, were very turbulent, and had with their arrows wounded a Jesuit in five places, and killed a *Frenchman* that waited on him. In *July*, news came, that the nations up the river were engaged in a war one against the other; and that the *French* living so among them, and trading with them, were in great danger; that the *Mitchel Macquinas* had made war with the *Mizianmies*, and had killed a Mendicant Fryar and three other *Frenchmen*, and eleven savages, at a place called the *Straits*, where they were settling a garrison and a place of traffic; the *Mitchel Macquinas* had taken sixteen *Frenchmen* prisoners, and burnt their trading houses. These tidings made the French very full of perplex-

ing troubles; but the Jesuits are endeavoring to pacify them: But the troubles when we came away, were rather increasing than lessening; for the last letters from the *French* prisoners at *Mitchel Macquina*, report, that the Savages had sent out two companies, one of an hundred and fifty, another of an hundred and sixty, against the Savages at the *Straits*; and they would engage as well against the *French* as the *Indians*.

FROM THE WEEKLY NEWS LETTER No. 130,

AND

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL No. 118.

Deerfield, June 16. 1729.

ON the 12th Inst. died here our Rev. and beloved Pastor, MR. JOHN WILLIAMS, in the 65th Year of his Age. The Lords Day preceding, he preached on both parts of the day, though he felt himself something heavy, and indisposed. Being but a few days before returned from his Journey to Boston. On monday morning he was seized with a fit of the Apoplexy. After which we perceived, by the signs he gave on our speaking to him, he had the exercise of reason, but never spoke more than two or three words. And on thursday half an hour before one in the morning, he expired to our great surprise and distress, unto whom, he was on the best accounts greatly endeared. On the Friday following, he was decently interred. The Rev. Mr. Chancey of Hadley preached a Funeral Sermon on the Occasion—A very grievous breach is made not only upon this flock of Christ, but also upon this County and neighborhood, so soon after the death of Mr. Stoddard of Northampton. Yea it

ought to be considered as a great and public loss, as a fall of one of the Pillars of the Land. Mr. Williams began his ministry among us in May 1686. And was the first and only settled Pastor that hath been in this place. God who sent him to us, and inclined his heart to settle with us in our small beginings, hath made him a great blessing unto us, and we hope, through grace he hath left many *Seals* of his Ministry among us. He was sincerely devoted to the service of Christ, who graciously endowed him, with very valuable Ministerial abilities. He was much in prayer, and singularly gifted in it. He was heartily concerned for the interest of Religion, and the best good of this people; and a constant intercessor of the Throne of Grace for the same. From his ardent care to promote the honor of Christ, and the salvation of precious souls he was "abundant in his labors, both in season and out of season," Plainly, faithfully, and frequently charging and instructing both Elder, and Younger, affectionately dispensing the most seasonable Counsels, and warning to his people. Travelling in Birth with them, till Christ was found in them, and adorning the doctrine of God our Savior in a very circumspect, holy and blameless life. Mr. Williams would sometimes say "it is a dangerous thing to be set in the front of New England's sins"—The divine providence that

fixed his post in one of the frontier towns in the Province fitted him for it, by giving him courage, patience, and cheerfulness of spirit, so that he was wonderfully carried through all the difficulties, destractions, and dangers that he encountered. And his prayers, counsels, and example, did not a little contribute to the support and encouragement of his people from time to time. And on that Tragical Morning, ever to be remembered by us, February 29, 1703, 4, When the bigest part of the town was surprized, and either destroyed, or made captives by the French, and Indian Enemy; of this cup, he and his family drank as deep as any. Two of his children and a Negro Woman being killed on the spot, himself and all the rest of his family, except his eldest son who was absent from home, made prisoners, and soon driven out of the house for a march, wherein first his Negro Man, and then his dear Wife were murdered by the cruel savages; under which extraordinary trials he had much of the divine presence, and supports.

God wonderfully preserved him, through the cold and hardships of the dreadful march of 300 miles through the deserts to Canada. And there God enabled him to withstand, all the methods that were used to draw or drive him, to a compliance with Popish Worship and superstition; and even to yield himself an offering to God, when his furious

Indian Master stood over him with his hatchet threatening present death, if he would not comply to cross himself, and kiss a Crucifix, his heart and courage were strengthened so that he said, "I will sooner die than sin against God"—And his counsels when he could find opportunity to give them, were greatly serviceable, to the strengthening the other captives.

After two years and eight months captivity he obtained deliverance, through the good hand of God, and the care of this Government, and arrived at Boston, Nov, 21, 1706 with 57 captives, two of which were his children: But a more particular account of these things may be seen in his book entitled, the Captivity and deliverance&c; upon the whole was observable, that by the natural vivacity, calmness and evenness of his temper, and a gracious resignation, his spirit was kept unbroken, through all his sore trials. And by the presence of Christ with him, he came forth as gold refined and more fitted for his Masters use; having learned obedience by the things which he suffered.

Not long afterwards, he resettled at Deerfield, willingly returning to his beloved work, and friends, and continued laboring with them in all seasons, and amidst the difficulties and troubles, that attended such a frontier Town by the Indian Wars from time to time. His presence among them

conduced much to the rebuilding of the place: which is now in flourishing circumstances. And God dealt with him something after the manner as with Job; opening the hearts of several worthy Gentlemen, as well as his relations, to contribute bountifully to his, and his families relief, whose generosity must be principally acknowledged under God, in the liberal education of his two elder sons, besides many other kindnesses to his family. He was once and again called by public authority to serve as a Chaplain, in the expedition against Port Royal, and in that designed against Canada, under General Hill and Admiral Walker. And to a winter Journey to Canada with Col. Stoddard, for the redemption of captives. Which negotiation succeeded as to some, but not as to his own daughter, who continues to this day among the Macquas! a subject of pity and prayer.

He was second son of Deacon Samuel Williams of Roxbury, born there December 10, 1664. Had his education at Harvard College, given him by his honored and pious Grandfather Deacon William Park. He was twice married, first to the only daughter of the Rev. Eleazer Mather, first Pastor of Northampton. The second time to the daughter of Capt. Allen of Windsor, both the grandchildren, of the Rev. Mr. Warham, formerly Pastor of Windsor, who is now hi

sorrowful relict. By the former he was blessed with eleven children, and five by the latter, Eight of which only do survive him, viz. four sons and four daughters. His three elder sons are worthy pastors of Churches, in Mansfield, Springfield and Watertown. His eldest daughter married to Mr. Meacham the Pastor of Coventry. His fourth son is now at the College in Cambridge; who it is to be desired may meet with the kindness of Survivors for his fathers sake.